

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CXXXVIII.

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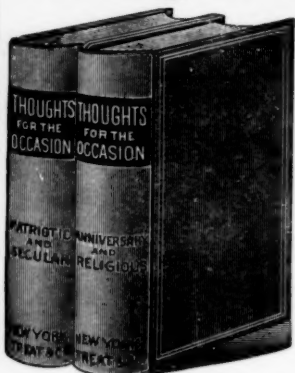
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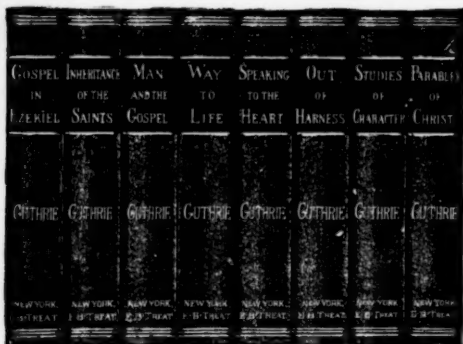
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SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XX.

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FROM BEGINNING
Vol CCXXXVIII.

POPE LEO XIII.

Justitiam colui; certamina longa,
labores,
Ludibria, insidias, aspera quaeque
tuli.
At Fidei vindex non flectar; pro grege
Christi
Dulce mori, ipsoque in carcere dulce
mori.

Well-nigh twenty years have elapsed since Leo XIII wrote these lines underneath his own portrait—twenty years during which he never flinched from maintaining the principles therein proclaimed. It is not our purpose to discuss in these pages the claims of Pope Leo XIII to theological greatness. The fact that the pontiff is now regarded, at least officially, as infallible by that branch of the Christian Church of which he is the spiritual head, at once precludes us from criticizing Leo's theology and the reactionary effect which his devotion to the Thomist philosophy has had upon Roman Catholic doctrine. Criticism may not descend to controversy; it cannot logically be applied to infallibility. It is therefore with the statesman, the diplomatist, the individual, that we propose to deal, rather than with the claimant to supernatural gifts and superhuman attributes.

The voice of the Old and the New

World is well-nigh unanimous in pronouncing Leo XIII a far-seeing statesman, a sagacious diplomatist, and a great Pope. The claim to greatness on the part of Leo XIII, or indeed on the part of any succeeding Roman pontiff, must rest upon successful leadership of a great political and social organization which knows no distinction of race or nationality. It is therefore through no lack of reverence for his spiritual office that we turn our attention from the Vicar of Him whose kingdom was not of this world, to the restless politician for whom the triumph of the Church and the triumph of the Vatican were synonymous terms. It is as a statesman rather than as a priest that a dispassionate posterity will judge the successor of Pius IX; and we may, perhaps, assume that it was the ambition of Leo XIII to be so judged.

Summoned, in 1878, to guide the destinies of the Holy See at one of the most critical moments of its history, Leo XIII speedily applied himself to the task of reorganizing the forces at his disposal. It was a tangled skein which he took into his hands when he undertook the duties of government. The Vatican, despoiled of its temporal authority, saw its spiritual authority

questioned, and even threatened, in every country in Europe. France, staggering under the weight of her recent disaster, was a prey to a strong anti-clerical reaction, largely due to the disgust of the nation at the disputes which, until the actual outbreak of the war with Prussia, had raged between the Liberal Catholic party, headed by Mgr. Dupanloup, and the Ultramontane faction, led by M. Veuillot and the "Univers." A not unreasonable distrust of both the disputing parties, and a natural dread lest the intrigues of the Catholics should result in compelling the government to interfere in favor of the restitution of the temporal power, strengthened the hands of the anti-clericals. Russia, since 1860, had severed all official communication with the Holy See, and had prohibited the Polish clergy from having any intercourse with the Vatican. Germany and Switzerland were in open hostility to the papacy, and their antagonism was but one of the many disastrous results of the Vatican Council. The bigotry which had driven the "Old Catholic" body out of the Church had not only lost able and devout men to Roman Catholicism, but had aroused contempt and dislike for its methods in states and provinces of both countries in which its influence had once been paramount. Belgium, Austria, and even Spain, had revolted against the sacerdotal tyrannies of Rome, and had in some measure succeeded in freeing themselves from the moral and social stagnation of clericalism. The protestations, the allocutions, the briefs to the clergy, the notes to foreign governments, issued by Pius IX, had been of no avail. The spiritual arms, with which the Vatican had for so many centuries enthralled the human intellect, were blunted, if not altogether broken. The menaces of the Roman pontiff, which, in days for ever past,

would have brought monarchs to their knees, fell almost unheeded on the ears of nations finally roused from the sleep of superstition. The world overlooked the violence of the language of the Pope in its sympathy with the kindly personality of the dispossessed sovereign, and remembered, with a reverent admiration, that one of his last acts was to bless the despoiler who, by so short a space, preceded him to the grave. The place of Pius IX was to be filled by a Pope less human, less charitable, less lovable, and, we venture to think, notwithstanding the glamor which journalism has cast over his name, less great than his predecessor.

At the early age of eight Gioacchino Pecci was sent by his parents from the family home at Carpineto to the Jesuit College at Viterbo. We learn from one of his preceptors, Father Ballerini, who subsequently edited the Jesuit review "*La Civiltà Cattolica*," that "every one admired his keen intelligence and the goodness of his disposition." The testimony of a fellow-scholar is less favorable. "Domineering, and inclined to petty meannesses," was the criticism of Cardinal Ferrieri, who went through his course of studies at the same time as the future Pope. It may be assumed that the latter qualities were judged with greater leniency by young Pecci's superiors in the college at Viterbo than by his fellow-pupils.

In 1824, when he was fourteen years of age, Gioacchino Pecci entered the Collegio Romano at Rome, which institution had recently been placed by Leo XII under the direction of the Society of Jesus. During his three years' course in this, the stronghold at that period of Jesuit training and influence, he distinguished himself above all his companions by the brilliancy of his examinations and by the zeal which he displayed for his studies.

One of his most remarkable successes was gained before a large assembly of prelates and distinguished theologians in the great hall of the Collegio Romano. The youthful student delivered a lecture upon Indulgences and the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; and his casuistry was such as to attract the attention and, we are told, the surprise of the learned ecclesiastics who listened to it. At the age of twenty-one, having gained the highest honors in theology, he entered the College of Noble Ecclesiastics, in which youthful patricians intending to embrace the priesthood are trained in political economy, Catholic diplomacy, controversy, and other studies necessary to the career of the higher clergy of the Roman Church.

It would seem as if nature had intended Gioacchino Pecci to be a politician and a ruler rather than a priest. From the very outset of his career he was destined to rule the passions of men rather than to lead them by their weaknesses; and it can scarcely be doubted that the training he received in boyhood from his Jesuit instructors developed the spirit of ambition and the desire for domination which have been such prominent features in the character of Leo XIII. Scarcely had Gioacchino Pecci been ordained priest, in December 1837, than Gregory XVI, who had already conferred upon the brilliant pupil of the Jesuits a minor post in the Vatican, sent him as delegate to Benevento. The appointment was more civil than ecclesiastical. Benevento, situated on the very outskirts of the States of the Church, lay geographically within the boundaries of the kingdom of Naples. The papal delegate was, in fact, prefect of a city and province which, at the time of Monsignor Pecci's appointment, was the most unruly of all the pontifical possessions. Owing to its position, the brigands and malefactors of the adjoin-

ing kingdom found here an easy refuge from the Neapolitan police; and the city of Benevento bore an evil name for lawlessness of every kind. The great feudal families refused to tolerate any interference on the part of either the Roman or the Neapolitan governments with their local rights and privileges. They openly encouraged and protected brigandage and any form of disorder which could embarrass the action of the civil authorities, and not unfrequently had powerful friends at court who successfully prevented any measures from being taken by the governments to punish their evil doings.

We will quote one example of Monsignor Pecci's methods of restoring law and order in the province which had been committed to his charge. The most powerful among the great nobles of the district had openly afforded to a band of notorious brigands the shelter and protection of his castle. On being required by the apostolic delegate to explain his action, he informed Monsignor Pecci that he intended to be master in his own house, and would suffer no interference.

"I am going to Rome" (he said) "and shall return with an order for your dismissal in my pocket; and then we shall see, Monsignore, who is master here."

"By all means go to Rome," was Monsignor Pecci's reply; "but, before going, you will go to prison for three months. Your diet will be bread and water."

The threat was carried out. The castle of the insubordinate noble was seized by pontifical troops, and the brigands sheltered in it were killed or taken prisoners. In a very short space of time the city and province were freed from the scourge of brigandage, and the landed proprietors submitted to the authority of the

government. It was thus, at twenty-seven years of age, that the future Pope showed that he would, and could, rule.

From Benevento Monsignor Pecci was sent to govern Perugia, a town which stood in as much need of firm government as the southern city. In 1841 Gregory XVI paid a visit in person to Perugia. The empty prisons and the tranquillity of the place impressed the Pope with the ability and discretion of its governor; and he determined to employ the talents of so valuable a servant in the larger fields of European diplomacy. Two years afterwards Monsignor Pecci was created Archbishop of Damietta, and despatched to the court of Leopold I as Nuncio to the Belgian government.

The close relationship between King Leopold and the principal reigning families of Europe caused the court of Brussels to be one of the most important diplomatic centres on the Continent; and the papal Nuncio soon made himself a *persona gratissima* to the sovereign. The ability with which he conducted some delicate negotiations between the Church and the Belgian state raised him still higher in the favor of Gregory XVI. The climate of Brussels, however, was prejudicial to his health, and he petitioned the Pope to recall him. Before returning to Rome Monsignor Pecci visited Paris and London, remaining in the latter capital for some time, and lodging, as he once informed us, in or near Regent Street.

When the ex-Nuncio reached Rome he found Gregory XVI at the point of death, and unable to accord him an audience, in which to deliver an autograph letter from the King of the Belgians warmly recommending Monsignor Pecci to the papal favor. A few days afterwards Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was elected to the chair of St.

Peter in the place of Monsignor Pecci's patron and benefactor.

Between the new Pope, Pius IX, and the young diplomatist there was, if we may credit those who enjoyed the friendship of both, little personal attachment. The simpler, more genial nature of Pius IX had but small affinity with the colder and sterner spirit of his future successor. Pius IX, indeed, was keenly susceptible to being bored, and, we believe, was indiscreet enough to declare to more than one of the prelates with whom he was on terms of intimacy, that Monsignor Pecci was a *seccatore*, an opinion which doubtless reached the latter's ears and wounded the personal vanity that, throughout his life, was a marked feature in the character of Leo XIII.

On his retirement from the Nunciature at Brussels, Gregory XVI, in reply to an earnest request of the municipality of Perugia, had preconized Monsignor Pecci archbishop of that city, and at the same time had created him cardinal *in petto*. It was not, however, until December 1853 that Pius IX ratified this honor, and the Archbishop of Perugia received the purple.

The episcopacy of Monsignor Pecci at Perugia was beset by troubles and difficulties. The republican revolution of 1848-9, the invasion of the Piedmontese in 1860, and finally, the collapse of the temporal sovereignty of the papacy, and the union, after long centuries of clerical usurpation, of the States of the Church with the kingdom of Italy, were political and social events which tested to the full the temper and firmness of the archbishop of so turbulent a city and province as Perugia. We venture to assert that at no period of his career did Pope Leo XIII show himself to be greater than during the troubled years of his archiepiscopate. While Pius IX fled, or, from his retirement in the

Vatican, issued inefficacious protests, Monsignor Pecci acted; and his energetic action commanded the respect, and occasionally the fear, of the adversaries of the papacy as a temporal power. In 1860 he issued a pastoral letter to his people, which was a brilliant defence of the legality of the temporal sovereignty of the popes, and of the necessity for its maintenance. The casuistry learned at Viterbo and in the Collegio Romano, and burnished, perhaps, at Brussels, was employed to the full in this and other pronouncements of the Archbishop of Perugia against political liberty. The uncompromising spirit of Ultramontanism flashes forth in nearly every sentence of these declarations. As in the briefs and encyclicals of the Pope, so in the epistles and pronouncements of the Cardinal-Archbishop, the language is evenly balanced. Weakness of argument or position is deftly enwrapped in a logic the flaws in which are not easy to uncover. Immoderate or violent expression, such as is to be met with in the protests of Pius IX, and which suggests the scepticism of its originator as to the soundness of his cause, is but seldom condescended to by Leo XIII at any period of his career. The writer believes what he writes, or, if he does not, he is clever reasoner enough to convince his readers that he does so.

We confess that we are unable to understand how it is that the name of Leo XIII has been associated with liberality of view or conciliatory tendencies. The inflexible spirit of Latin ecclesiasticism, the subtle power of manipulating the human mind acquired, almost in boyhood, by the brilliant student of the Humanities, lurk in well-nigh every phrase written by Gioacchino Pecci, whether as monsignor, cardinal, or pope. As Archbishop of Perugia, Monsignor Pecci was the uncompromising opponent of

Victor Emmanuel and the Piedmontese government. He protested strenuously against the introduction of the civil marriage laws into the Umbrian province, as well as against that of the royal *exsequatur*. He denounced in no measured terms the attempts made to distribute translations of the Bible in his arch-diocese. A remonstrance addressed to the King, couched in language such as Ambrose of Milan might have employed, against the wholesale spoliation and sequestration of monastic property in Umbria, brought Victor Emmanuel in person to Perugia. Cardinal Pecci declined to acknowledge his presence in the cathedral city. His resolute yet respectful refusal to surrender the civil rights claimed by the Church within the boundaries of the alleged patrimony of St. Peter, not less than the admirable organization of his diocese, gained for Cardinal Pecci the consideration of the Italian government; and the King issued orders that greater moderation was to be shown by the government officials in their dealings with ecclesiastical property and religious institutions in Umbria.

Cardinal Pecci recorded his vote at the Vatican Council in 1870 in favor of the newly formulated dogma of infallibility—that fatal claim which, while thunder-clouds overhung the Vatican and lightning rent the heavens, was announced to a dismayed and astonished world.

In 1876, shortly after the death of Cardinal Antonelli, Cardinal Pecci resigned the Archbishopric of Perugia and came to Rome. The office of "Cardinal Camerlengo," to which Pius IX appointed him, gave him a post in the Curia. On February 9, 1878, Pius IX died; and Cardinal Pecci, by right of his office, assumed the direction of the Vatican pending the election of a new pontiff. The Conclave, on the 20th of the same month, elected

Gioacchino Pecci, by a large majority of votes, to fill the papal chair. It is, we believe, an open secret that the members of the Conclave were by no means unanimous in their desire that Cardinal Pecci should be elevated to the supreme dignity. The election was the result of a compromise. A very powerful section of the Sacred College was desirous that Cardinal Franchi should be the successor to Pius IX. There were two grave objections, however, to his election, namely, his comparative youth, and his pronounced liberal and conciliatory tendencies. The Cardinal Camerlengo was already an old man, whose health was supposed to be by no means good. He was known to be resolute, a skilful diplomatist, and a clever organizer. His relations with the Italian government during his administration of the diocese of Perugia had proved him to be capable of safeguarding the interests of the Church, and, at the same time, of acting with tact and moderation in his dealings with the Church's arch-enemy.

If there existed any party within the Church which hoped that a new pontiff would adopt a more conciliatory attitude towards the Italian monarchy, such hopes were doomed to a speedy disappointment. Cardinal Pecci would have been the last man to withdraw from the strong and secure position which his predecessor had taken up. Even had he desired a *rapprochement* with the government of King Humbert, it is hardly conceivable that those who elected him to the papal throne would have permitted any steps to be taken towards reconciliation. The "captivity" of the head of the Church was already a powerful moral weapon. Its inventors had discovered, moreover, that, besides creating a species of political *impasse*, it was a valuable pecuniary asset in the hands of the Vatican.

The policy to which Pius IX committed the papacy was not only continued by his immediate successor, but, guided by the firm hand, and moulded in accordance with the wider ambitions of Leo XIII, has given to the Vatican an influence in international politics which it has not possessed since the Middle Ages. We do not hesitate to affirm that, while the progress of Roman Catholicism, in the spiritual and legitimate sense of the term, has been stationary in some countries and retrograde in others, the power and influence of Vaticanism has increased under Leo XIII and his advisers to a remarkable and, as we think, a prejudicial degree.

It will not have escaped the observation of those interested in the fluctuations of public opinion, that a wave of what may be termed mediævalism invaded the world in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Nor will the student of human nature wonder that such a retrograde phase of thought should have manifested itself. Each decade has witnessed some startling scientific discovery, some unmasking of inaccuracies, frauds, or forgeries, hitherto regarded as historical or religious truths. Christianity itself has at times appeared to totter beneath the blows levelled against it by the so-called Higher Criticism. That the position of Christianity has been strengthened rather than the reverse by scientific research is, we believe, an opinion which many of our readers will share with us. It must not be forgotten, however, that the secrets of science have become the property of the unscientific, and that the latter have too frequently employed their superficial knowledge to form conclusions from which the true scientist recoils with a reverent consciousness of his own ignorance. By such teachers authority has been destroyed; and doubt, bewilderment, and atheism

have taken the place of trust and faith among many of their disciples. We hold it to be one of the most remarkable characteristics of Pope Leo XIII that he was acute enough accurately to gauge the temper and spirit of his age, to realize that out of its intellectual strength must proceed weakness, and to utilize this weakness to the advantage of Vaticanism, and convert it into a social and political force by means of which the papacy should once again be the supreme ruler and arbitrator of the destinies of nations. That the ambition of the statesman deceived and betrayed the judgment of the ecclesiastic will, we venture to believe, be admitted by future chroniclers of the pontificate of Leo XIII; and his predecessor Pius IX, though a less brilliant figure, will be regarded as the more spiritual Pope, in that he neither overrated the forces at his disposal nor permitted them to sow religious and civil discord through the medium of political and journalistic agitators.

The political thesis of Leo XIII was identical with that of Pius IX in its outward and superficial expression. The condemnations launched by the "Syllabus" against the modern reconstruction of society were reiterated and confirmed by the late pontiff; and the same ideal of an universal Christian community, to be guided and controlled by the Roman Catholic Church, equally pervaded the public utterances of both Pius IX and his successor. But a careful study of the encyclicals of Leo XIII shows that, though the ideal of both pontiffs may have been the same, a very remarkable difference existed between the methods by which the two rulers of the Roman Church sought to further its realization.

The protests of Pius IX against a new social order, oblivious or wilfully neglectful of the traditional claims of the Church to supremacy over the ac-

tions of men, were couched in the language of a betrayed and embittered sovereign compelled by circumstances to regard himself as the infallible mouthpiece of an offended deity. Yet it may be affirmed that, notwithstanding the charm of his personality, and the sympathy which even those most opposed to the Vatican entertained for the dispossessed monarch, his spiritual threats and expostulations rarely or never succeeded in gaining more than the passing attention of that human society to which they were addressed. It was far otherwise with the messages directed by Leo XIII to a world in which the old order is daily yielding place to the new. His frequent and voluminous pronouncements form, as it were, a corollary to his policy, a consistent expository of the restless ambition and, we may add, of the intellectual vanity inherent in his character.

The encyclical "*Inscrutabili Dei*" (April 21, 1878), published within a few weeks of the elevation of Cardinal Pecci to the papal throne, already struck a new note in pontifical manifestos. After a somewhat formal recognition of the virtues of his predecessor, Leo XIII recorded his protest against the suppression of the temporal power of the Church, and solemnly asserted his intention to adhere to the position taken up by Pius IX. Such a declaration on the part of the newly elected pontiff was obligatory, and, we believe, in accordance with an oath exacted by the Sacred College on his acceptance of the supreme dignity; but from the position then taken up he never departed. The key-note of the document in question may be said to have been that of every similar pronouncement subsequently made by Leo XIII; but it is characteristic of the man that he should have struck it with so firm a hand in this his first encyclical. The evils which threaten

to disintegrate society were at once enumerated and deplored by the Pope, and their existence attributed to the refusal of the world to submit to the divinely ordained supremacy, temporal and spiritual, of the Holy See. In the demonstration of the disease and its causes we find, indeed, no new departure from the traditional complaints of Pius IX, of which the world outside the Roman communion had grown not a little weary. It is rather in the treatment of the social evils deplored by Leo XIII, and the remedy suggested for them, that we discover the first threads of the policy which was to be the dominant feature of his pontificate.

The vastness of the theme and the limited space at our disposal forbid quotation. We confine ourselves, therefore, to noting that Leo XIII makes two separate and distinct appeals which we are almost tempted to qualify as appeals to the classes and to the masses. To the latter he points out that only by submitting to the supreme guidance of the Holy See can they secure to themselves a true civilization—namely, a condition of prosperity, tranquillity, and freedom from oppression. To the former, to the sovereigns of the earth and the heads of states, he offers the aid of the Church, by recognition of whose authority they can alone hope to ensure their own safety and position, as well as the order and well-being of their peoples. One other point in the "*Inscrutabili Dei*," though but slightly touched, appeals to observers of the political career of Leo XIII. In alluding to the instances in which those who have refused to submit to the authority of the Holy See have culled the bitter fruits of their error, Leo XIII turns somewhat abruptly from the West to the East. He declares that Oriental repudiation of the supremacy of the Apostolic See has bereft Eastern Chris-

tendom of the splendor of its ancient reputation, of the glory of its sciences and literature, and of the dignity of its empire.

In the "*Inscrutabili Dei*"—which, like most of the literary compositions of Leo XIII, is marked by a frequent suggestiveness only too rare in ecclesiastical writings—we find the germs of his political programme, and the clue to his most cherished aspirations. Social problems occupy the immediate attention of the Holy Father, and are by him made to form, as it were, a startling and lurid background; a chaotic setting from which the figure of the despoiled Church stands forth, serene, confident, "a very present help in time of trouble." But to obtain this help, to enjoy the peace and prosperity which Leo XIII offered to the world, princes and peoples must accept the Church's terms; and these terms are nothing less than unqualified submission to the authority, temporal and spiritual, of the Vatican.

This is the ideal of Leo XIII, the scope and aim of his policy, the goal of his diplomacy. It may be said to have been equally the ideal of every Roman pontiff from the time of the Emperor Constantine to the present day. We believe, however, that it was reserved for Leo XIII, owing partly to the condition of society during the period of his pontificate, partly to the peculiar individuality and training of the astute Italian himself, and largely to the influence of those who, yet more astute than he, were ever at his side, to transfer this ideal from the dream-land of sacerdotal ambition to the sphere of practical politics. The formation, in every state where it was possible, of a Catholic parliamentary party, pledged to advance the interests, temporal and spiritual, of the Vatican; the securing of the sympathy and goodwill of the working classes in every country to the Roman Catholic

Church; the submission of the Oriental Churches to the supremacy of the Holy See—such were the three cardinal aims of Leo XIII's policy, aims separate in themselves, but converging to a common and supreme object.

No language of our own could, we are convinced, more clearly explain the ultimate aim of this triple policy than the following words which we quote from the recognized organ of the Society of Jesus, the "*Civiltà Cattolica*." They were written as a definition of the claims of the Holy See, and are embodied in an article on the International Tribunal of Arbitration at the Hague.

"The Papacy," wrote the "*Civiltà Cattolica*," "is the supremacy (*magistero*) of truth in the world—of speculative truth regarding the origin and end of things, and of practical or moral truth regarding all human actions. This supremacy embraces *de jure* all peoples and all States; *de facto*, it already comprises the whole civilized world. . . . Moreover, this supremacy is infallible; and though its direct objects are religious truths, natural truths are therein comprehended in virtue of the infinite contact between truths natural and religious. Moral truths, therefore, and the morality of all human actions, without exception, are subject to that supremacy." ("*Civiltà Cattolica*," Nov. 3, 1900.)

In this second encyclical "*Quod Apostolici*" (December 28, 1878), Leo XIII denounced rationalism as the source of socialism, communism, and nihilism. The great Protestant "heresy" of the sixteenth century was, he declared, responsible for the growth of these social cankers. The governments of Russia, Germany, and Switzerland, alarmed at the spread of subversive doctrines in their respective countries, welcomed the pronouncements of the Roman pontiff in favor of law and order. The indifference or

open hostility which had characterized their attitude towards the Holy See during the pontificate of Pius IX gave place to a desire to cultivate more friendly relations with the head of a great religious body who had seized the first opportunity of throwing the weight of his influence on the side of established authority. The Vatican, hitherto content to launch peevish and impotent protests against the misdoings of society, was about to adopt another policy. Leo XIII, unlike his predecessor, showed himself to be not insensible to the advantages of making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Where Pius IX, conscious only of his spiritual mission, had offended, Leo XIII sought to conciliate. The diplomatist recognized in the social problems which were disturbing and perplexing rulers and governments a possible means of restoring to the papacy its shattered authority.

We have already alluded to the reinstatement by Leo XIII of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas in the position which it originally occupied in Roman Catholic thought. We would, were it possible to do so, refrain from touching upon this point. It is difficult, however, if not impossible, to avoid intrusion into the domain of theology in any critical appreciation of the policy of the head of a Church which has ever resorted to the elastic theories of that science as a means whereby to further its political designs. In 1879 appeared an encyclical enjoining the readoption by Catholic schools and colleges of the Christian philosophy as taught by the "Angelic Doctor," Thomas Aquinas. This publication was supplemented in August 1880 by a brief in which the Pope condescended to give some of the reasons which had decided him once more to impress the seal of the Thomist philosophy upon the teaching of the Latin Church.

"We are convinced," wrote Leo XIII, "that the Thomist doctrine possesses, in a pre-eminent degree, a singular force and virtue to cure those evils by which our epoch is afflicted. We are of opinion that the time has arrived to add this new honor to the immortal glory of Thomas Aquinas. Here, then, is the chief motive which so determines us: it is because St. Thomas is the most perfect model in the divers branches of science that Catholics can take to themselves. . . . His doctrine is so vast that, like the sea, it embraces all that has come down to us from the ancients . . . because his doctrine, being composed of, and, as it were, armed by principles permitting of a great breadth of application, satisfies the necessities, not of one epoch only, but of all time; and because it is very efficacious in conquering those errors which are perpetually being reborn."

Without pausing to examine the tendencies of the philosophy in question, we may here affirm that the reasons given by Pope Leo XIII for his anxiety to see the theories of the "Angelic Doctor" restored to their former position in Roman Catholic intellectual training, were secondary reasons only. Under the more liberal-minded direction of Pius IX the philosophy of the great theologian and ideologist, Rosmini, had gradually but surely triumphed over the narrow and reactionary theories of the Thomist teaching. Regarded with suspicion and dislike by the Jesuits and the Ultramontane faction in the Roman Church, the learned and generous-minded priest was harassed and persecuted even to the death by those who dreaded lest the pure and noble philosophy unfolded in his writings should weaken the hold of superstition over an uncertain or ignorant humanity. For many years no effort was spared, no means left untried, to induce Pius IX to place the works of Rosmini upon the "Index." That

Pope, however, himself a profound admirer of the Rosminian philosophy, persistently refused to ratify the hatred of the Jesuit and Ultramontane party by thus officially declaring its unorthodoxy. Notwithstanding the intrigues which had for their object the eliciting of an adverse decision on the part of the Congregation of the Index—intrigues which even the sudden and mysterious death of Rosmini, seized with fatal illness after celebrating Mass, did not arrest—Pius IX refused to lend his infallible judgment to promote the triumph of the Thomists; and the Rosminian philosophy remained uncondemned.

Ecclesiastical hatred, however, is not easily turned aside; and the pupil of Viterbo was more readily persuaded to satisfy the desire of the Jesuits than had been his predecessor in the chair of St. Peter. By order of Leo XIII the enquiry into the orthodoxy of Rosmini's writings was reopened; and forty important propositions in his philosophy were condemned by the Congregation of the Index, which condemnation was confirmed by the Pope. It was in vain that prominent ecclesiastics, such as the late Cardinal-Prince Hohenlohe, protested against the injustice of this decision, and pointed out the contradiction of papal infallibility involved in the reversal, by an infallible pontiff, of a pronouncement delivered by his equally infallible predecessor. The forty propositions of Rosmini were condemned, and the Jesuits and their party gained their point. Cardinal Hohenlohe, as one of the chief supporters of the hated exponent of a purer and more liberal Catholic philosophy, was made to feel the consequence of his opposition, and was ever afterwards a *persona ingrata* at the Vatican. Thus the hopes of the adoption of a more liberal and conciliatory policy, and, we may add, of a more Christian spirit,

by the Roman Church, were swept away. By the reintroduction of the reactionary philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, Leo XIII was enabled to inaugurate that relapse into mediævalism which, while gaining for Vaticanism a temporary triumph, will, we venture to believe, detract in no small degree from the favorable verdict of future generations on the claim of Leo XIII to lasting greatness either as Pope or as statesman.

The effects of the papal declarations in favor of the Thomist philosophy were not long in making themselves felt in Roman Catholic Christendom. There are few features so remarkable in the pontificate of Leo XIII as the rapid recrudescence of that credulity in the miraculous and the supernatural which the more intelligent portion of humanity will continue to regard as mediæval superstition, and in which students of anthropology will recognize the legacy of ages yet darker than that to which the "Angelic Doctor" addressed his theoretic philosophy. In France and in Italy a catholicized form of animism has succeeded in attracting a very considerable proportion of adherents. It is unnecessary to point to the influence exerted in the former country by such places as Lourdes; and we prefer to dismiss as hastily as possible such impostures as Loreto, Genazzano, and, more repellent than either of these in its origin and maintenance, the shrine, recently "revealed," of the so-called "Madonna di Pompei" in Italy. Interesting and instructive from a psychological point of view as this modern form of animism, encouraged and clothed in Christian symbolism, may be, its development under Leo XIII presents a special claim to our attention. This development we believe to have been the result of a profound observation of humanity, discovering in it a means whereby to

strengthen and extend a policy long conceived and skilfully elaborated.

Leo XIII's immediate predecessors had been content to launch their condemnations against the spirit of infidelity and rebellion, of scepticism and the pursuit of strange gods, which was distracting the modern world; but the mind of Gioacchino Pecci was more subtle, and, we may add, more typically Italian than that of Pius IX or that of Gregory XVI. He realized, as no Roman pontiff of modern times has realized, that the Vatican must fight its enemies with their own weapons. We need not here consider whether the Vicar of Christ was worthily fulfilling his spiritual part in thus condescending to utilize the weaknesses and passions of humanity, to further the triumph of the Church; or whether the serene consciousness of superiority to worldly methods which characterized the policy and actions of Pius VII and Pius IX in days of adversity did not reflect a truer and brighter glory on the papacy as a spiritual power than that cast upon it by the more mundane attitude of Leo XIII.

As a statesman, Leo XIII was quick to grasp the weapon by which the Vatican might hope to recover the ground it had lost in the arena of international politics. Official condemnation of the state of society by encyclical and brief did not prevent the Pope from striving to turn to the advantage of the Vatican the very evils he deplored. The death-blow dealt to Rosminianism at the instance of the Jesuits could not but impart fresh vigor to the already increasing current of mediævalism. It may be assumed that Leo XIII was well aware that the dogmatic philosophy of Thomas Aquinas would gain rather than lose adherents in proportion as men's minds became ever more and more perplexed and unsettled in consequence

of the inroads made by science and social disorders upon their religious faith. There has always been, however, another element in mediævalism besides the intellectual; and the importance of this element assuredly did not escape the notice of Pope Leo XIII. We refer to its financial capabilities, and, if we may adopt the term, its commercial value. How profitable financially and how valuable commercially are the worship of the Madonna and the saints, and the exploitation of their personal interposition in the most trivial of human affairs for which mediæval Vaticanism is wholly responsible, may be inferred from the prodigious wealth in money and lands accumulated by the religious confraternities in France, Italy, and other countries during the last twenty years. In France recent events have drawn public attention to the financial power of these confraternities. It is not so generally known, however, that in Rome itself, where the implous despoilers of the Church are said to reign supreme, the property held by religious orders is many times in excess of that which they were allowed to hold in the city under the papal government, and that many of the most valuable sites in the Italian capital are in their hands.

The financial policy of Pope Leo XIII will form not the least interesting and important chapter in the history of his pontificate. We cannot at present do more than allude to such organizations as the clerical banks and loan agencies which spread like a network through the length and breadth of France, Belgium, Italy, Austria, and parts of Germany. These, and the lucrative proceeds of the shrines, together with the sums realized by the sale of the products of unpaid labor in conventual establishments, more especially in those under French direction, have, during the late pontificate,

poured an ever-increasing stream of wealth into the coffers of the confraternities themselves, and, indirectly, into those of the Vatican.

Another prolific source of revenue is found in the large sums extracted by the international clerical press from the middle and working classes, alike in the country districts and manufacturing towns, through such mediums as St. Anthony of Padua and similar personages, wholly innocent of the impostures foisted upon them by the modern Church. The vast influence, both social and political, which the clerical press has acquired in the last few years is hardly, if at all, realized in England. Leo XIII neglected no opportunity of identifying himself with Ultramontane journalism; and we are unable to forget that such papers as "*La Croix*," "*La Voce della Verità*," and similar publications, received his encouragement, approval, and support. At the same time the cult of the Blessed Virgin Mary has been, during the late pontificate, extended to a degree unparalleled in the annals of Western Christianity. The devotion known as the Rosary has been recommended with a special insistence by Leo XIII, the month of October dedicated to its daily use, and the invocation, "*Regina Sanctissimi Rosarii, ora pro nobis*", added by his direction to the Litany of Loreto.

Such concessions to Ultramontanism, and particularly to French Ultramontanism, are interesting rather on account of their political and, we may add, financial significance than on account of their theological aspect. We are not aware of a single religious ordinance of general importance, from which political motives can be dissociated, having been promoted by Leo XIII. We are likewise unaware of any instance in which the late pontiff suffered local Catholic interests to jeopardize the consummation of his

political ideal. We think of Poland, of Finland, of Armenia, and—a more striking example than any of these—of Italy, as we write these words.

The policy adopted by Leo XIII towards the two great nations of France and Germany was, we venture to think, the most remarkable feature of his pontificate. The order given to the French Catholics to "rally" round the Republic surprised and puzzled Europe, and was regarded in some quarters as a proof of the liberal and conciliatory spirit which animated the Pope. The famous toast of Cardinal Lavigerie, accompanied by the strains of the "Marsellaise," appeared to set the seal of a formal recognition by the Vatican of the right of peoples to choose their own form of government, and to emphasize the duty of the minority loyally to submit to the rule chosen by the majority. Royalists and Bonapartists alike found themselves wounded in their most cherished feelings by the sudden action of the Vatican. The fruits of this abrupt change of policy were speedily reaped by the Roman Church. The restrictive measures by which the monastic establishments and religious confraternities had been oppressed were largely modified by the government of the Republic. In less than ten years these institutions multiplied in numbers and increased in riches to such an extent as to become a danger both to the state and to the community. The money of the ignorant and the superstitious, of religious fanatics and political intriguers alike, flowed into their coffers. Nominally a refuge from the troubles and temptations of the world, many of them rapidly became centres from which the political propaganda of Vaticanism insinuated itself throughout the length and breadth of France. The bishops and the secular clergy found their legitimate influence and authority under-

mined and absorbed by the regular ecclesiastical bodies. The interests of the Church had once again been sacrificed to the financial greed and political ambition of Vaticanism. The worst and most dangerous passions of the community were aroused through appeals to intolerance and fanaticism daily published by an unscrupulous press, largely organized and maintained by the proceeds of frauds and impostures practised in the name of dead men and women and approved of by the Vatican. Antisemitism, Anglophobia, sectarian and racial hatreds of every kind, have been eagerly seized upon and exploited as means whereby to foment that spirit of civil strife and discord which Pope Leo XIII, notwithstanding his published utterances in favor of peace and goodwill among men, was often compelled indirectly to utilize, if by so doing he could advance one step towards the realization of his political dream, and satisfy the insatiable ambition of the party to which he owed his election to the papal chair.

The effects of Leo XIII's policy in France have shown themselves during the last few months. Church and state find themselves engaged in a conflict which can only be detrimental to the true interests of both. We may discover in the French policy of Pope Leo XIII a striking example not only of that cynical opportunism which has characterized his relations with foreign governments, but also of his failure as a statesman to estimate at their true value the forces upon which he ever relied to advance his political ideal. We would not readily impute to the head of the Church so subtle and Machiavellian a design as deliberately to sow the seeds of civil and religious strife in the French Republic, in the Austrian and German Empires, and in the kingdoms of Italy, Belgium, and Hungary, in order ultimately to

strengthen the position of the Vatican by compelling a distracted Europe to purchase the political and moral support of the Holy See at its own terms. Nevertheless, we are unable to close our eyes to the fact that whereas, under Pius IX, and his immediate predecessors, the policy of the Vatican was a defensive policy, under Leo XIII, the pupil of the Jesuits, the apologist of Thomas Aquinas, it became offensive. The world was bidden, at the dawn of the twentieth century, to place itself once more under the influence of the dark and narrow philosophy by which men's minds were swayed in the thirteenth; nor can any fresh triumph of Vaticanism be regarded as other than a retrograde step towards a condition of society happily long outlived by civilized communities.

A more successful and, we may add, a more honest policy was that adopted by Leo XIII towards Germany. In the latter country alone can the recent practice of bartering Catholic support to the government in exchange for concessions made to the Church be said to have been advantageous to the Vatican. The passing of the so-called May Laws by the Prussian diet, and the persecution, under the name of the *Kulturkampf*, of the Roman Church which followed their institution, resulted in a condition of things which had apparently been unforeseen by Bismarck and his Minister of Public Worship, Falk. The immediate effect of the May Laws was the consolidation in the Reichstag of the hitherto impotent Centre or Ultramontane party. In March 1871, 63 deputies formed the Centre party, representing an aggregate poll of 724,837 votes. The reaction invariably consequent on persecution enabled the Ultramontanes to return 91 deputies to the Reichstag in January 1874, representing an aggregate of 1,445,948 votes; and in 1887,

98 deputies, representing 1,516,222 voters, enabled the once unimportant Centre to turn the scale for or against the Imperial Chancellor's cherished measure known as the Septennate Bill, by which Prince Bismarck aimed at maintaining the peace footing of the army at a heightened figure for a term of seven years.

The first step on the part of Leo XIII towards conciliation with the Prussian government was taken on February 19, 1878. In a letter to the German Emperor bearing this date, written immediately after his election, the Pope expressed his regret at the unfriendliness of the relations existing between Germany and the Holy See, and trusted that the Emperor William would grant liberty of conscience to his Catholic subjects. The Emperor replied on March 24, reciprocating the Pope's sentiments, but adding that the re-establishment of friendly relations between Germany and the Vatican must depend upon the willingness of German Catholics to conform to the laws of the Empire. On April 17 Leo XIII again wrote, hinting that the modification of the May Laws would be the surest means to promote a renewal of the good understanding formerly existing between the governments. Shortly afterwards occurred the attempt by Nobiling on the Emperor's life; and the Pope wrote a third time, offering his congratulations on the sovereign's escape. This letter was answered on June 30 by the Crown Prince Frederick, who had temporarily assumed the regency during the Emperor's recovery from the wound inflicted by his would-be murderer. The Crown Prince asserted the impossibility of modifying in a Roman Catholic sense any laws enacted by the Prussian Diet. He represented that any such modification would imply a readiness on the part of Prussia to adapt her home policy

to the exigencies of a foreign government. The Prince, nevertheless, expressed his willingness to consider any proposals of conciliation in a Christian spirit. At this time eight Catholic sees were vacant, owing to death or eviction, in Prussia; four hundred parishes were without their priests; all religious orders were expelled; and state aid to Catholic worship was withdrawn.

On July 18 of the same year (1878) Bismarck went to Kissingen, where he was met by the papal Nuncio to Bavaria, Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Masella. All attempts, however, to discover a *modus vivendi* between the Holy See and the Prussian government failed. Negotiations were nevertheless renewed in the following year at Gastein, between the Chancellor and Monsignor Jacobini, the future Cardinal-Secretary of State, at that time Nuncio in Vienna. These negotiations were followed by others between Prince Reuss, former ambassador to Austria, and Monsignor Jacobini, the latter being assisted by a special councillor sent from the Foreign Office in Berlin. Notwithstanding these efforts, no settlement could be arrived at; and negotiations between Prussia and the Vatican were broken off.

On January 5, however, the government of Baden brought the *Kulturkampf* to an end in that duchy by the adoption of a convention regarding the *exequatur* of bishops. On February 24, 1880, Leo XIII addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Cologne, declaring that the Church might "tolerate" the notification to the state of episcopal appointments; which point was, in fact, the basis of the *Kulturkampf*. In March, the Prussian ministry signified its willingness to adopt this concession, but declared that Prussia would wait for its realization in deed, thus throwing upon the Pope

the responsibility of taking the first active step towards conciliation. Leo XIII immediately withdrew his offer of "toleration." From this moment Prussia began to yield; and the Iron Chancellor found himself obliged to make fresh concessions in order to secure the votes of the Centre party, which his mistaken policy with regard to the Church had raised to importance in the Reichstag. The presence of the Emperor at the completion of Cologne Cathedral was a fresh proof of the conciliatory attitude of his government. The vacant sees were filled up by the state in accordance with the wishes of the Vatican. Concession followed concession, without a single counter-concession on the part of the Holy See. In April 1882 Herr von Schlözer was appointed Prussian Minister to the Vatican; but even this triumph was not sufficient to satisfy the demands of the Ultramontane party. During 1883 Bismarck restored the evicted Bishop of Limburg and numerous parish priests to their posts, and renewed the state subsidies to the Bishops of Hildesheim, Ermland, and Kulm. The single concession granted in return by Leo XIII was a permission to parish priests, "for the past only, and in this single instance," to notify to the government the resumption of their functions. In September 1885 the German Chancellor finally made up his mind to "go to Canossa," and formally invited the arbitration of the Pope on the dispute with Spain regarding the Caroline Islands.

In this one instance the political vanity of Leo XIII was gratified—a Pope once again dictated his will to the sovereigns of the earth. Further concessions were claimed by the Vatican; and in 1886 the Prussian government introduced a Bill largely modifying the control of the state over clerical education. This Bill was, however,

thrown out by the Upper House; and Leo XIII then considered it to be politic to publish a Note (April 8, 1886) imposing upon all priests the duty of obtaining the *exsequatur* from the Prussian government, on condition that the latter should make further modifications in the May Laws, and that all religious orders, save that of the Society of Jesus, should be readmitted by the state. Bills to this effect were introduced and passed by the Diet in April 1887, notwithstanding the opposition of some of the more violent Ultramontanes, who were unwilling, by obeying the Pope, to make any concession to the government. These measures were the price paid to the Vatican for a Note issued to the papal Nuncio in Munich, commanding the Catholics of the Centre party in the Reichstag to vote in favor of the Military Septennate Bill.

The action of the pontiff, however, created ill-feeling on the part of the Centre party towards the Vatican; and from that time the influence of Leo XIII in the Empire began slowly to decline. The insatiable political ambition of the Pope, and of those who shaped his policy, robbed his diplomatic triumph of any solid after-effects. In his struggle with the Prussian government, as afterwards in his more insidious policy towards France, Leo XIII overrated the strength of the weapons he condescended to employ; and neither in Germany nor in France does it appear that Roman Catholicism will reap any lasting benefits from the temporary triumphs obtained by Vaticanism during the late pontificate.

We have devoted a considerable portion of the space at our disposal to the political action of Leo XIII. It is, however, by his attempt to range on the side of the ancient papacy the new social forces arisen in the world

during the course of his long pontificate that his name will be chiefly remembered.

The tendency of modern society to isolate religion, and especially the dogmatic religion of Rome, has been fully realized by Leo XIII. Examination of his earlier encyclicals reveals the fact that nearly every theory or proposition advanced by modern Liberalism as essential to the development and progress of the human community stands condemned by the successor of Pius IX, in no less degree than they were condemned by Pius IX himself, in the encyclical "*Quanta Cura*," and afterwards in the more famous "*Syllabus*." Pope Leo XIII, indeed, has shown himself, on certain points, to be even more Ultramontane than his predecessor. Pius IX seldom or never interfered with the civil and political liberty of the Catholic conscience outside the States of the Church. Leo XIII, on the contrary, laid down a definite line of Catholic action in every state, and declared that the Pope alone was to determine the political attitude of Catholics towards the governments of their respective countries. Under his occupancy of St. Peter's chair the Vatican undertook to direct the political education of Catholics all over the world, with the object of forming a solid Catholic vote, independent of party, and even of race.

So shrewd and enlightened an observer as Leo XIII could scarcely fail to realize that any such political education of Catholics would be productive of but barren results were the wholesale condemnation on the part of the Church of the growing forces of social progress to be persisted in. Not the least interesting point in a study of the late Pope's encyclicals consists in following the workings of the mind of one who was the author of the encyclical "*Novarum Rerum*" as well as of

the "Quod Apostolici," penned thirteen years before. In comparing these two documents we seem to trace not only the development of the statecraft of Leo XIII, but also the change which a hitherto anathematized Liberalism has gradually and subtly worked within the Roman Church. It is impossible here to examine, otherwise than superficially, the manifold and complicated social problems with which the late head of that Church found himself compelled to deal. None, however, who have followed with any attention the history of the earlier days of his career, before his elevation to the papal chair, can doubt that Leo XIII possessed a genuine and heartfelt sympathy with the working classes. We have the testimony of those who knew him intimately during his administration of the diocese of Perugia, that this was the case. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if, as the representative in the eyes of millions of working men and women of Him who has been called the first Socialist, Leo XIII should have ventured to supplement a noble desire to ameliorate the condition of the masses by counsels proceeding from the source of an infallible authority.

On May 16, 1891, appeared the encyclical "Rerum Novarum." Its publication was hailed as the opening of a new era of social activity on the part of the Roman Church. A solicitude for the material prosperity of the lower orders—a solicitude hitherto but cautiously and grudgingly displayed by the higher Italian clergy—breathed throughout its pages. The effect was both instantaneous and universal. The "Christian Socialist" movement, already active outside Italy, gained renewed vigor; while within the Italian kingdom the "Opera dei Congressi Cattolici," an organization for the promotion of co-operative societies, credit-banks in villages and small towns, and

a fair rate of wages, supplemented other schemes for the protection and amelioration of the laboring classes. Contrary, as we have been assured on excellent authority, to the original wishes and personal intentions of the Pope, political aims and ambitions soon invaded the domain of justice and philanthropy. The advantages offered to the agricultural laborers and artisans were conceded to "good Catholics," that is, Ultramontane Catholics, only. A revolt on the part of the Liberal Catholic party soon manifested itself; and at Rome the movement was headed by Murri, a young priest. He and a few others formed an organization of "Christian Democrats." The scope of their society was to win over the working classes from the socialist body; to gain the withdrawal of the injunction laid upon Catholics to abstain from voting at political elections; and thus to throw the influence of the Catholic vote into the sphere of active politics. The movement soon aroused the suspicion and enmity of the Jesuits and the Ultramontane party at the Vatican, with the result that, on January 18, 1901, the Pope issued the encyclical "Graves de communi re," by which the more liberal concessions made in the "Rerum Novarum" were practically annulled. The new encyclical inhibited the Christian Democrats from political action and placed them under the direct ecclesiastical guidance of the "Opera dei Congressi Cattolici." This was followed by a note addressed by Cardinal Rampolla, the papal Secretary of State, and, as many believe, the evil genius of Leo XIII, to the Italian bishops. In this document Christian democrats and all Catholic writers and individuals occupying themselves with Catholic matters are ordered "always to keep the people mindful of the intolerable position of the Holy See since the usurpation of

its civil principality." It further gives the bishops entire control over the Christian Democratic movement.

A Roman Catholic correspondent, writing from Rome to the "Times" on the new encyclical, justly described the sorrow and dismay caused by this surrender on the part of the Pope of his own more enlightened ideas to the intransigent Vaticanist party.

"Liberal-minded Catholics," he observed, "declare it to be the most narrow and intolerant official document issued since the 'Syllabus' of Pius IX; and it is a striking example of the purely worldly aims of the Vatican and its subordination of religious to political considerations."

It was certainly no secret in Rome that Cardinal Rampolla's official note was intended as a severe reproof to certain well-known and highly-placed ecclesiastics, who believed themselves to have the support of the Pope in their endeavors to further the cause of equity and justice between employers and employed, and had lent their influence to promote a movement the success of which could only tend to the extension of true religion and charity.

We may not know, though those who have lived under the shadow of the Vatican may guess, what pressure was put upon the already nonagenarian pontiff to cause him to draw back from his former attitude towards social reform. Only ten years before, Leo XIII had been hailed throughout the civilized world as the working man's Pope. The fact must not be overlooked, however, that, in the encyclical "*Rerum Novarum*," materialistic socialism and its supposed aims, organized strikes on the part of working men, and many other points in the programme of social reform, were equally condemned. Like most papal documents, the "*Rerum Novarum*" is so worded as to admit of varied in-

terpretation on the part of the Vatican, should such be found at some future period to be advisable.

Notwithstanding the retrograde policy manifested in the encyclical "*Graves de communi re*," the original attitude of Leo XIII towards the new social forces will make his pontificate a memorable epoch, not only in the history of the Roman Church, but in that of all Christian countries. His personal conception of the duties of the Church towards the laboring classes was catholic in the broadest and best sense of the term. It was such a conception as befitted the chief pastor of Christendom. His aim was nothing less than the reconstruction of social order among the masses, and the placing of the relations between capital and labor, between employer and employed, on a common basis of mutual responsibility, the foundation of this common basis being the Word of God as interpreted by His Church. It is possible, nay, even probable, that had Leo XIII been a strong enough Pope to shake himself free from the retrograde influences surrounding him, and a strong enough man to overcome his own latent dread of socialism as an irreligious movement, he would have succeeded in so dividing the socialist forces that everything in those forces making for the prosperity of humanity would have ultimately been at the service and disposal of Latin Christianity, at least in such countries as number a large Roman Catholic population.

As we said at the commencement of this article, it has been our object to abstain from any criticism of the claims of Pope Leo XIII to theological and spiritual greatness. It is sufficient to allude with reverent admiration to the blameless life, the lofty ideals, and the indomitable moral courage of this remarkable pontiff. Such attributes alone must compel veneration for the

Pope, even from those who believe that, as a statesman and diplomatist, Leo XIII has scarcely merited the encomiums which the Press has so lavishly bestowed upon him during many years. His policy has been rather that of the opportunist, at once bold and clever, than that of the far-seeing statesman. It might almost be said to embody the subtle but radical difference existing between statecraft and statesmanship. In no single instance in which Leo XIII pitted himself against European diplomacy has his action gained for the Holy See more than a temporary victory; while

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the price paid to gain the friendship of the various governments which might one day bring pressure to bear upon Italy in order to compel the latter to restore the temporal power, was occasionally so high as to endanger the spiritual interests of Roman Catholicism itself.

On a later occasion we hope to review certain departments of Leo XIII's activity, especially as regards Italy and the temporal power, Ireland, and Anglicanism, and his financial policy, for which there has been no room in the present article.

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

CHAPTER II.

Such was the way in which Lord Cumberwell went out to his humiliating lesson. If he had paused to reflect at that critical moment, he might have been saved; he would have ordered Prettiman to recall the visitor, or he would have assured himself, at least, that there was misapprehension on his own part. But his last pause had been so ill-timed that he saw only danger in another, and he was in such a state of nervous irritation and excitement that he could not act with his usual caution. His only thought was to overtake the woman and to recover the paper at the earliest possible moment.

By this time, however, she had gone some little distance. He could see that she was walking rapidly, making apparently for a short street called Baynton Gardens, which led from the Square into a large and moderately busy thoroughfare. He quickened his steps, but without visible advantage. He did not care to call, and he could

not forget himself so far as to run. In that point his natural dignity did not forsake him.

A minute later the woman turned the corner. There was a lamp at the corner, and the Earl caught a better glimpse of her as she passed beneath it. As far as he could see, she was a person of medium height, of somewhat slender build, and dressed in dark-colored garments. As soon as she had turned the corner he again quickened his steps. If she passed beyond Baynton Gardens he might lose her altogether.

He had not travelled with so much haste for some time, and before he reached the corner himself he was almost breathless. Then he began to see the hopelessness of his attempt to overtake her. She was already half-way down the Gardens.

What was to be done? Beyond he heard the murmur of traffic and saw numerous lights. The woman seemed to be increasing her speed, and if he intended to stop her he must call.

He prepared to shout. The place was very quiet, and that was an advantage; but he suddenly realized that he had not shouted for a considerable time, and that the act required some courage. However, there was no time to lose, and so he made the effort.

"Hi!"

It was not an effective shout. It did not by any means startle the Gardens, as he had almost expected it to do. In fact, no one seemed to hear it but himself, and the woman held on her way. He tried again.

"Hi!" he cried, panting. "Hi!"

It was useless. The noises of the thoroughfare beyond were growing louder, and his feeble shout never reached its object. Two or three moments later that object had passed out of Baynton Gardens, and it was too late to shout at all. She paused at the corner, and then vanished abruptly.

Her pause had given the Earl just a chance, and he felt sure that he would not lose her. When he reached the corner he saw that an omnibus had pulled up a few yards farther on, apparently to receive passengers. One of these was a woman of medium height, dressed in black.

Lord Cumberwell saw this figure, and did not trouble to look in any other direction. It was necessary to make another effort, and he gave a last shout. Several passers-by heard it, and stared at him; some one laughed, but some one else whistled to the omnibus conductor. Directly afterwards the Earl, breathing hard, was at the foot-board.

"Room for one inside," said the conductor.

Lord Cumberwell had not intended it; but, as the woman had gone in, he could do nothing but follow her or give up his quest. No thought of giving it up occurred to him, so he entered the vehicle and took the only seat that was left. Yet he had a vague feeling that

he was going farther in this affair than he had meant to go. Everything was moving in a hurry.

The bell rang; the omnibus started with a jerk. He thrust aside his feeling of helplessness and a dim sense of the absurdity of his position, and thought of the lost document. Before that thought all else faded into insignificance.

He glanced at his fellow-passengers, but did not examine them closely. They seemed to be in a miscellaneous party, mostly of women. On the other side, and two or three places away, sat the woman he wanted, and from the moment he saw her he paid little attention to any one else.

She was still a young woman, and was quite neatly dressed. Her face was ordinary, but not at all unpleasant in expression. "In fact," said the Earl to himself, "she seems a good-natured person. She is just the person to return a lost document to its owner at the first opportunity."

The woman carried in her hand a small ornamental bag of crocodile leather, and his eyes fastened upon it eagerly. He had not the slightest doubt that it contained the paper which he would have given so much to recover. It was impossible to speak now, because he had no intention of letting half-a-dozen omnibus passengers get scent of this affair. Neither this woman nor any of the others appeared to recognize him, and he could not help feeling slightly surprised at the fact. One might have supposed that his face was familiar enough to at least one in ten of the London public.

At that point he found that the woman with the hand-bag had become aware of his scrutiny, and that she was looking at him in a questioning way. It was certainly unwise to make himself remarkable, so he transferred his attention to another passenger. This

was a stout, middle-aged man in the farther corner, who was endeavoring to read a copy of the *Evening News* by the light of the lamp. The vehicle jolted so heavily that reading must have been impossible; but he continued to hold the paper before his face. The Earl regarded his efforts with natural interest until he saw that the man was only using the paper to conceal a face full of amusement.

Then he saw more. Two other people in the omnibus were smiling in the same furtive way. Two others, who were not smiling, were looking at him curiously. What did it mean?

He soon discovered its meaning. While he was wondering, he suddenly caught a glimpse of his own reflection in the glass before him, over the shoulder of one of the passengers. It must be his own reflection, because he recognized the features; but what was that curious object which surmounted his face? A hat—could it be a hat? Then, with a shock, the truth came home. In his haste to leave the house he had caught up some one else's hat. It was, in fact, the hat of his private secretary, a soft, gray, almost shapeless affair which he had often remarked with strong disfavor.

The general amusement was natural enough. He had never dreamed that a man could look so absurd simply by a change of hats. As far as he could see in the faint reflection, his whole appearance was subtly but certainly altered, and his usually sober, grave, and statesman-like demeanor had been changed for one which was only to be described as rakish and sporting.

His first sensation was one of annoyance and discomfort. His feeling of self-respect and dignity had received a shock; but in a few moments he perceived that the matter had a brighter side. He did not wish to be recognized while on this quest, and Mr. Lombard's hat made recognition less probable.

His discomfort wore off by degrees, and when a diversion came he was almost himself again.

"Fares, please," said the conductor.

Fares? The Earl started, and began to search his pockets hastily. By the most fortunate of chances, he found in one of them a stray shilling. It was while searching for it that he noticed the coat he wore, that comfortable but ancient garment which had not seen the streets for years. Well, it did not matter—he was all the less likely to be singled out as a Minister of State!

"Orl the w'y?" asked the conductor, looking steadily at the private secretary's hat.

"Ye-es," answered Lord Cumberwell.

He received his ticket and the change. Although he had agreed to go all the way, he had not the slightest idea of what that way was. His knowledge of London outside Baynton Square was extremely vague.

They jolted on for twenty minutes, and he saw that they had left the better residential quarters well behind. Once they changed horses, and halted more than once to deposit a passenger on the pavement. Still the woman in black held fast to her corner. Apparently she, too, was going all the way.

They passed through another business thoroughfare, and turned into a series of quiet streets, consisting of what seemed to be a very modest class of villa property. He was just wondering how much longer the journey would take when some one called:

"Stop here, please."

It was the woman in black. The conductor signalled, and the omnibus stopped. Briskly the woman descended, and as soon as she had reached the road her pursuer also prepared to alight. He was not precipitate, because he did not wish to make his object noticeable; for this reason he slightly delayed the bus and at-

tracted the unfavorable attention of the conductor.

"Yer not goin' orl the w'y, then?" said that gentleman crisply.

The Earl did not answer, but alighted.

"Orl right," said the conductor, with increased irony. "We don't charge any hextra for gettin' out 'ere!" And then, with a noisy jerk, the horses moved on.

Lord Cumberwell found himself standing at a corner, beneath a lamp. The woman with the hand-bag had turned off into a rather dark street containing small villas of the kind he had already noticed. She was walking rapidly, and had now gone some distance. He hurried in pursuit.

At first he gained a little, but then she began to walk more quickly. He fancied that she had observed him, and he therefore decided that it would be better to speak out. This ridiculous business had gone far enough, and it only required a few words of explanation to end it.

"Excuse me!" he said loudly.

The woman did not turn; instead, she seemed to increase her speed.

"Excuse me," said Lord Cumberwell again; "just a moment"—

There was no satisfactory response. But the woman positively began to run.

Puzzled and irritated, Lord Cumberwell fell back a little, and the space between them increased. Just then they were met by a policeman, who looked curiously after the hurrying woman. She turned a corner abruptly, and he then transferred his attention to the Earl. His scrutiny was somewhat close and careful.

Lord Cumberwell reached the corner just in time to see the woman enter a house five or six doors away. His irritated feelings thrust aside the suggestion that he had better give up the

quest at this awkward point, and he walked on till he reached the house. She had entered in such haste that both the gate and the door had been left wide behind her. After a moment's pause he advanced to the door.

Within he saw a narrow hallway, with the stairs facing it. A narrower passage ran beside the stairs to a colored-glass door, which was closed. On the other side of this door was a lighted room, evidently the kitchen of the house.

"This is absurd!" thought Lord Cumberwell; "most absurd!"

He referred chiefly to the curious action of the woman in running away when he had addressed her. There was nothing for it now but to knock at the door and interview her formally. He looked for a knocker or a bell, but found neither; consequently he was obliged to knock with his knuckles. There was no reply. His knock was drowned in a noise of voices which reached him from behind the colored-glass door; and before he could knock again he heard a sound behind him which at that moment was most unwelcome. It was the heavy, measured tread of the policeman.

He remembered the close scrutiny which he had received just before, and guessed that the man had turned back to keep him in sight. The fright of the woman and his own excited appearance gave sufficient room for inquiry, and he saw that complications were imminent. What was to be done?

A prudent man would have awaited events, and knocked again; but he was in anything but a prudent mood. Perhaps he recollected at that instant that he was a Minister of State, and that he need not always act by ordinary commonplace rules of conduct. He stepped quietly into the house, and pushed the door after him.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

So much has been written on the psychology of the lower animals—so many penetrating intellects have focused themselves upon the problem of animal intelligence—that an apology may well be required from him who attempts further discussion of the subject, unless he can claim to have struck some fresh clue to the delimitation of instinct and reason. No such claim can be advanced by the present writer; yet the enigma offers such powerful attraction to all who give sympathetic attention to animated nature—the phenomena of animal behavior are so engaging—that it may be permitted to review some of the more salient and suggestive passages in the evidence collected, and endeavor to apprehend the direction in which scientific opinion is leading.

The problem seems to have resolved itself into three branches:—

1. Are animals, other than man, born, and do they continue through life unconscious automata?

2. If they are conscious, are their consciousness and intelligence the physical product of certain chemical and organic changes taking place in the growth of the egg, embryo or young creature, and therefore spontaneous in the sense that muscle, bone and blood develop by the spontaneous multiplication of cells?

3. Is the conscious intelligence exoteric? In other words, is it the consequence of external and superior mandate or suggestion, acting upon a suitable physical receptacle?

1. *Are animals born, and do they remain, unconscious automata?*

Nobody who has systematically

¹ It is the popular belief that guinea-pigs are not susceptible of instruction, and evince no recognition of one human being from another. It is much to be doubted whether this is so,

watched the behavior of the young of birds and other animals is likely long to entertain the notion that, even if they are hatched or born as unconscious automata, they continue so except for a very brief period—that they are, as it were, delicate and ingenious pieces of clockwork, performing with regularity those functions for which they are designed and adapted, so long as they are regularly wound up, i.e., fed. Experience, whereof the effects are manifest in every animal high enough in the scale for man to interpret its behavior, and may exist in the lowest grades without becoming discernible by human observation—instruction, whereof very few, if any, vertebrate animals are incapable¹—are agents upon animal behavior predicating a mental process which can be implanted in no mere machine. To take a very homely illustration—no amount or repetition of battering will prevent a humming-top bumping itself against furniture and other obstacles when it is set spinning; but one recognizes the result of experience so low in the animated scale that it is difficult to believe that any sentient creature can be totally devoid of conscious volition.

In 1873 Dr. Möbius reported to the Society of Natural Science for Schleswig-Holstein some observations by M. Amtsberg, of Stralsund, on the behavior of a large pike. Being confined in an aquarium this fish wrought such havoc among other fish in the same tank that M. Amtsberg caused him to be separated from them by a sheet of plate glass. Thereafter, every time the pike made a dash at one of his neighbors, he received a severe blow

and whether a guinea-pig could not be trained to go through prescribed actions as a preliminary to obtaining food.

on the nose. The predatory instinct was so strong that it took three months to convince the pike that every attempt upon the life of these small fish resulted in pain to himself. Thereafter he let them alone, even when, after six months, the glass partition was removed. Experience had taught him that these particular fish could not be attacked with impunity, whereupon his intelligence came into play to control his instinct, although, when new fish were put into the tank, he went for them at once.

Animals higher in the scale than pike, which rank low in the class of fishes, show more precocity in profiting by experience, even when deprived of the advantage of parental example and guidance. To some chicks reared in an incubator Mr. Lloyd Morgan threw caterpillars of the cinnabar moth. These larvæ are conspicuously marked with yellow and black rings, and have a flavor most distasteful to birds. The inexperienced chicks seized them greedily, but dropped them at once, wiping their bills in disgust, and seldom could be induced to touch them a second time. Next day, brown loopers and green cabbage-moth caterpillars were put before the little birds.

These were approached with some suspicion, but presently one chick ran off with a looper and was followed by others, one of which stole and ate it. In a few minutes all the caterpillars were cleared off. Later in the day they were given some more of these edible caterpillars, which were eaten freely; and then some cinnabar larvæ. One chick ran, but checked himself, and, without touching the caterpillar, wiped his bill—a memory of the nasty taste being apparently suggested by association at the sight of the yellow-and-black caterpillar. Another seized one, and dropped it at once. A third subsequently approached a cinnabar as it crawled along, and gave the danger note and ran off.*

* "Habit and Instinct," by C. Lloyd Morgan, p. 41.

Now in these instances the superior precocity in turning experience to advantage shown by very young chickens over M. Amsberg's pike may be accounted for, not only by the greater mental capacity of the higher vertebrate, but by the keener physical sense of the warm-blooded animal.

Either of the above cases is sufficient to disprove the hypothesis that fishes and birds are unconscious automata. More perplexing are those displays of effective consciousness and caution which, if founded on experience, must be founded on congenitally transmitted experience.

I went a-fishing one fine summer day in the Mimram, a stream in Hertfordshire. Standing in a little fishing-house on the bank, I noticed several trout rising in a reach of the stream where it meandered through a lush meadow. As I prepared to approach these fish with all the craft I could muster, there happened to be three or four cart-horse colts careering about, thundering down the bank close to the rising trout, which seemed quite indifferent to their presence. The keeper, however, anxious to secure my ease, sent a tiny little maiden of some seven or eight summers to drive away the colts. No sooner did she approach the stream than every trout quitted the surface and fled for shelter. In fisherman's parlance, this mite of a girl had "put them down." Now these trout, of mature age, no doubt had acquired enough experience to fight shy of an angler and all his works, and, though fearless of cart-horses, would have scuttled off at the first wave of his rod. But how did they recognize in this child an immature specimen of *Homo sapiens*? Neither anglers nor poachers are in the habit of plying their calling in pinafore and petticoats. She can scarcely have been an unfamiliar apparition to these fish, for her father's house was close

at hand; she must have played many a time upon that flowery marge, and, if the trout recognized her, they could not associate her with any individual experience of hurt or harm. On the other hand, it is still more difficult to account for their recognizing this child as a member of a hostile species by intelligence imparted by or inherited from other fish. It is impossible to define the degree in which animals that rear their young can communicate warning or other instruction; but trout undertake no parental cares. They shed their ova in the shallows, and long before these are hatched into sentient creatures, the parents have dropped back into the deeper waters, and if ever they meet their own offspring in after life are very apt to regard them as legitimate food.

It was written of old:—"The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air; upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea";³ and this, in truth, has come to pass. Nevertheless, judging from Mr. Lloyd Morgan's observations of the chicks of domestic fowls, wild ducks, pheasants, partridges, moorhens and plovers reared in an incubator, the dread of man, as such, is not innate or congenital. The instinct of concealment appears to be so, for Mr. W. H. Hudson has recorded that, when he had the egg of a jacana (*Parra jacana*) in the palm of his hand, "all at once the cracked shell parted, and at the same moment the young bird leaped from my hand and fell into the water. . . . I soon saw that my assistance was not required, for, immediately on dropping into the water, it . . . swam rapidly to a small mound, and escaping from the water, concealed itself in the grass, lying close and perfectly motionless, like a young plover."⁴

Mr. Lloyd Morgan could detect little sign of shrinking from his hand in plovers newly hatched in an incubator, although "they lay in the drawer with bill on the ground and outstretched neck in a well-known protective attitude." Other birds evinced some instinctive shrinking at first, which passed away almost immediately, so that all the species "would run to my hands after a very short time, nestle down between them, and poke out their little heads confidently between my fingers."

From this it appears that, while the protective instinct is congenital and automatic, the specific dread of man is purely imitative, or imparted, or both.

Of all the groups of creatures mentioned in the above-quoted text from Genesis none have greater cause to entertain dread, not only of man, but of every living creature more powerful than themselves, than "fishes of the sea;" because, however exhilarating life on the ocean wave may be, life under the ocean wave is one continual frenzied struggle to destroy or to escape destruction. Few, indeed, and feeble are vegetarian feeders in the sea; almost every marine animal divides its time into devouring its fellow beings and avoiding being devoured. Nevertheless, deeply as the habit of dread must be ingrained in the nature of these creatures, they profit very readily from reassuring experience, and exhibit a degree of mental receptivity which removes them far from the category of merely sentient automata.

The cod, for instance, occupies a somewhat higher place in the animated scale than the aforesaid Mimram trout, yet there is hardly any creature, not even the herring, which runs such a poor chance of finishing its natural term of life. One would suppose that

³ "Genesis," ix. 2.

⁴ "The Naturalist in La Plata," p. 112.

heredity and experience had combined to render the habit and fear of suspicion ineradicable in this fish. Nevertheless, the cod is amenable to confidential intercourse with man.

In the extreme south-west corner of Scotland, where the attenuated promontory ending in the Mull of Galloway pushes far out into St. George's Channel, is situated the Logan fish-pond, a remarkable rock-basin, partly natural and partly hewn out of the rock, into which the tide is admitted through an iron grating. Here, for generations, it has been the custom to imprison fish of the deep sea, especially cod, to be fed up for the table. If you look stealthily over the enclosing wall you will see a circular basin about thirty feet in diameter, fringed with algæ and so deep that the bottom is not visible through the green water. No sign of life is visible, save, perhaps, half a dozen coalfish or pollock-whiting cruising restlessly round the narrow limits. But the sound of the key turning in the lock of the door and of the keeper's foot upon the wooden stair is enough to rouse the pond into sudden turmoil. Great brown forms arise from the depths—broad tail-fins lash the surface, and gaping mouths appear in all directions. Experience has taught these codfish to associate the sound of the keeper's key and footfall with meal-times, and so lulled their natural dread of man that they will eagerly take food from his hand. Some years ago (I know not whether the same may be witnessed now) the aged lady who had acted as keeper had imparted further instruction to one or more of these fish. One, at all events, a great cod of about 12 lb. weight, suffered her to lift him out of the water in her arms and place him in her lap, there to receive a meal of mussels or soft crab shoved into his gullet with a wooden spoon. Truly, one could hardly imagine a per-

formance more at variance with the instincts and habits of a pelagic fish.

However fully convinced one may be that the lower animals are endowed with conscious and volitional energy, it can hardly be questioned that many of their most definite and characteristic actions are performed in compliance with a motor impulse independent of consciousness or volition; and this not only in extreme youth but at all periods of maturity.

To select an example first from juvenile behavior—the homely proverb, "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," is derived from the uniform cleanly habits of nestlings. Mr. Lloyd Morgan received a spotted fly-catcher, about a day old, with eyes not yet open. . . . It was placed in a small chip box lined with cotton-wool, and kept in a corner of the incubator drawer. So soon as it had taken a morsel or two of food at intervals of about thirty to forty minutes, it would energetically thrust its hind quarters over the edge of the box and void its excrement. Jays and other young nestlings also show this instinctive procedure. It would be grotesque to credit a blind nestling with conscious and deliberate hygienic precaution. We ride airily out of the difficulty by pronouncing it to be a "provision of Nature" that the young of all birds should act in this way for the safety of their own health. I have, indeed, heard this behavior on the part of young herons described as a deliberately defensive measure. If one climbs a tree in a heronry and approaches a nest containing young birds, they shove their rumps over the side and discharge a copious and malodorous volley upon the invader. This looks like design, but it is in truth but the natural automatic action of young birds undergoing visceral disturbance through fear or excitement.

The above is an example of very

simple functional activity unconsciously performed; but it can hardly be doubted that some of the most complex and delicate performances of the lower animals are unconscious and automatic. The silkworm, once only, and that at an immature stage of its life, spins an elaborate cocoon, which no amount of practice could improve. The evidence of design is unmistakable; but who can suspect the builder to be also the architect? At a certain period of its growth the motor nerves of this sluggish worm set in action specialized machinery to work up material automatically stored; but the action must be wholly independent of the creature's volition. It *must* spin, whether it would or no, and it can exercise no discretion in the style or shape of its cocoon.

In the case of spiders we have to consider the action of a mature adult instead of a larva; yet the process appears to be none the less independent of volition. The design is so much more ambitious than the silkworm's, the structure so much more beautiful and complex, and so closely in accord with the principles of human engineering and cabinet-work, that one finds greater difficulty in dissociating it from the independent ingenuity and conscious skill of the performer. Yet the common garden spider (*Epeira diadema*) probably acts unconsciously in setting about web-spinning. It does not reflect before putting into operation the spinning mechanism and material which it has inherited from an unseen ancestry. She (for it is the female only that concerns herself with architecture) does not gaze with hungry longing upon the flies disporting themselves in the sunshine, speculating how, being wingless, she can capture those toothsome flying creatures. Indeed, it is almost certain that she cannot see them, for the visual powers of most spiders are very feeble,

being compensated for by an extraordinary refinement of the sense of touch. She simply sets to work to apply the specialized mechanism and material with which she is endowed to the purpose for which they are co-ordinate. Although cut off by the period spent as an egg in a cocoon from all parental instruction or example, she is at no loss for a plan. Innate functional impulse, which is probably the right definition of what we term "instinct," co-ordinate with certain specialized organs, directs the creature to the unconscious performance of certain definite acts without previous practice or experience. First the foundations are laid, in the shape of lines enclosing the area to be occupied by the web. From this circumference the radii or stays are drawn to the centre, whence the spider works outwards, stepping from stay to stay and laying down a thread in a wide spiral to act as scaffolding for the finished structure. Finally, having arrived at the limits of the operative net, she retraces her steps, working inwards in a much closer spiral, laying the transverse threads at the proper distance, and devouring, as she goes, the original scaffolding threads which enabled her to perform the work.

If it is difficult to dissociate such a consummate piece of engineering from the operation of a keen intellect, still more so is it to regard the infinitely greater complexity of the snares produced by certain other spiders as the mere product of functional automatism. Nevertheless, that seems to be the true explanation. If the spider's web were the outcome of the creature's individual ingenuity and intelligence there certainly would be manifest some variation in the design among millions of webs by different individuals of the same species—some imperfection in first attempts. No such variation—no such imperfection—

can be detected. There is no "prentice hand" among spiders. The first web of the spider is of normal design and perfect construction. Destroy it, and the creature will execute another exactly the same, no whit better adapted for the capture of passing flies.

How very different is human performance directed by personal intelligence. Suppose that a Cockney from Spitalfields found himself so situated as to be forced to make a living as a herring-fisher or a rabbit-catcher. Motor or functional co-ordination will not help him much, for he can neither swim like a herring nor run like a rabbit. He is compelled to set his intelligence to work. He must first seek instruction from experts or consult suitable literature; and then, even if he may dispense with a laborious apprenticeship in these comparatively simple crafts, he must obtain or construct special instruments, in the use whereof he will certainly exhibit much unskillfulness at first. Even so, he would be availing himself of the accumulated experience and manifold devices of past generations. Deprive him of these and he would die of starvation on the shore of a sea teeming with herrings or in the best-stocked warren of the kingdom before his intelligence enabled him to supply himself with food.

The instinctively functional habits of those strange gallinaceous fowls the *Megapodidae*, mound-builders or brush-turkeys of Australasia, afford some analogy to the performance of spiders, but inasmuch as they are animals demonstrably capable of profiting by experience and amenable to instruction, which spiders have not been proved to be, the mound-builders must be credited with intelligence; yet some of the features in their normal behavior most suggestive of elaborately intelligent design are, it is almost cer-

tain, primarily due to the functional activity of certain highly specialized organs. They have anticipated human ingenuity by the construction of vast co-operative incubators. Several hens of the Australian jungle fowl (*Megapodius tumulus*) combine to form a mighty mound of earth and green foliage, wherein they lay their great eggs in common, leaving them to be hatched automatically by the heat engendered by the fermenting vegetable matter. One such mound may measure as much as fifteen feet in height and sixty feet in circumference. The young birds are often so fully fledged when hatched as to be able to take flight at once, and are able to find without guidance the food suitable for their needs. Hence there is no more possibility of the young birds acting upon instruction or in imitation of their parents than there is in the case of young spiders, seeing that the old birds evade the labor of personal incubation and guidance of the chicks. "Yet," says Mr. Savile-Kent, "the mound-constructing instinct is so strongly ingrained by heredity that young birds taken fresh from the nest and confined under favorable conditions have at once commenced to construct mounds after the characteristic manner of their tribe."⁸ In doing so, no doubt these young and inexperienced creatures are acting under a stimulus communicated from the lower brain centres along the efferent nerves to legs and feet congenitally developed and highly specialized for a peculiar function. So far the birds may be regarded as unconsciously exercising innate proclivity, which, like other idiosyncrasies, attains its highest activity at the season of reproduction. When the adult megapode combines for the first time with others of its species to construct and stock the incubating mound it is obeying the law

⁸ "The Naturalist in Australia," p. 33.

or, at least, complying with the habit, which has become binding upon its kind. Its acquaintance with the obligation may be considered functionally instinctive; but it involves a performance of unusual complexity. Compliance with an established custom is comparatively easy to understand; at all events, it may appear to be so; but speculation goes adrift in attempting to explain how the custom became established. No matter how big the feet and powerful the shanks of the primæval megapode may have been—no matter how much unconscious satisfaction it may have derived from exercising these organs in piling mounds—how did it hit upon the labor-saving secret that fermenting vegetable substance would supply heat enough to bring the eggs to the hatching? Ordinary evolutionary analogy seems to provide no key to fit these complicated wards, neither is one tempted to credit the fowl with knowledge that fermentation generates heat. It is possible that, seeing how prone all gallinaceous fowls are to scraping, the original megapodes may have so excelled in that activity as to have thrown together a fortuitous heap of rubbish, which generated a perceptible heat, thereby tempting them to deposit therein their eggs. It is well known that mother birds of all species never leave the nest during the period of incubation for so long a period as shall expose the eggs to chill. Their absence, in our climate at least, is always exceedingly brief. So the megapode may have found by experience that she could safely leave her eggs in the rubbish mound for a much longer period than in an ordinary nest; until at last, finding the irksome duty of personal incubation to be superfluous, she abandoned the practice.

It will be observed that this hypothesis assigns to the mother megapode a high degree of intelligent observa-

tion and sagacious application of experience. It may be compared with the discovery made long since by human mothers that the substitution of the bottle for the breast in rearing their babes exempted them from the necessity of foregoing social pleasures and from close attendance in the nursery. But the human mother has been careful to transmit the discovery to posterity. The enigma remains how successive generations of megapodes are able to put the experience of their progenitors into practice, seeing that the mother birds not only evade the tedium of personal incubation, but entirely neglect the education, instruction and nurture of their young.

From the examples given above, chosen almost at random from thousands of others which present themselves to every observer of nature, some material may be gathered for an answer to the first question propounded above. It is an answer very far from authoritative, explicit, or final, consisting mainly of a summary of what is probable. It must consist, indeed, of no more than this, that all animals arrive at birth endowed with congenital automatism co-ordinate with a specific inherited organic mechanism, ready to discharge certain functions without the intervention of volition or consciousness. But part of the inherited mechanism consists, at least in animals above the lowest grades, of an apparatus fitted for the impress of experience, for the reception of external impressions conveyed along the afferent or incoming nerve-currents, and the transmission of energy along the efferent or outgoing nerve-currents. In short, these animals are equipped with an intellectual and volitional machinery, which, however long it may remain ineffective after birth, is capable of and destined to various ranges of energy and complexity, and differs only in degree and development

from the human organ of intelligence. Animals may be regarded as coming into the world as sentient, but unconscious, automata, but with mental machinery ready to respond to a greater or lesser range of external impressions.

2. *Are the consciousness and intelligence of animals the physical product of chemical and organic changes taking place in the growth of the egg, embryo or young creature, and, therefore, spontaneous in the sense that muscle, bone and blood develop by the spontaneous multiplication of cells?*

If, [says Mr. Lloyd Morgan in his fascinating treatise on "Habit and Instinct,"¹⁸] if, on the one hand, it cannot be said without extravagance that an egg is endowed with consciousness; and if, on the other hand, it cannot be said without extravagance that the day-old chick is an unconscious automaton; there must be some intervening moment at which this consciousness has its origin. When is this, and how does it arise? If we attempt to answer this question with anything like thoroughness, we shall open up the further question, From what does that consciousness take its origin? And this would lead to a difficult, and, for most of us, not very interesting discussion.

Be it interesting to many or to few, herein lies enfolded the secret hitherto most jealously guarded from human ken—an enigma to which no student of nature can be indifferent. None but a physiologist, which, of course, I have not the slightest pretence to be, need presume to offer any help to its solution; but any intellect of ordinary training may derive advantage from recognizing and examining the nicety of the problem. Modern lawyers have pronounced that, from the moment of

conception, the human embryo has the nature and rights of a distinct being—of a citizen—and accordingly deal with one who procures abortion as a criminal. Plato and Aristotle sanctioned the current opinion of their day that "it was but a part of the mother, and that she had the same right to destroy it as to cauterize a tumor upon her body."¹⁹ Between these two extreme opinions probably lies the truth, namely, that at a certain stage of development the foetus in one of the higher mammals acquires individual, probably sentient, though still unconscious, automatism. This is hardly a suitable place for the discussion of a theme of this kind. Let us take a bird's egg, as more convenient to handle.

Consciousness may seem too big a term to connote the chick's sensation of imprisonment within the shell, and its impulse to escape, as indicated by hammering and cheeping; though it might pass without comment as explanatory of the action of the adult hen, thrusting her neck vigorously through the bars of the coop and straining for liberty. But Mr. Hudson has observed concerning several species of birds in widely separated orders that, before the shell of the egg was cracked, the chick within, hammering and "cheeping" in its attempt to get out, would cease instantly and lie perfectly still when the parent bird sounded the note of danger, but would resume operations when she uttered a reassuring note.²⁰

From this it appears that the consciousness of the unhatched chick is sufficiently active to exchange oral communications with a mother outside the shell. In fact the chick has been

¹⁸ Edward Arnold, 1896.

¹⁹ Lecky's "European Morals," I. 94 (Ed. 1869).

²⁰ "Naturalist in La Plata," p. 90. Mr. Lloyd Morgan has distinguished at least six notes of different significance uttered by domestic chicks, namely, the gentle "piping," expressive of con-

tentment; a further low note, expressive of enjoyment; the danger-note of warning; the plaintive "cheeping," expressive of want; a sharp squeak of irritation; and, lastly, a shrill cry of distress, as when a chick gets separated from the rest of the brood.

born before it was hatched, and it is suggested that it must be regarded as sentient and conscious from the moment it pierces the air-chamber within the egg and becomes a lung-breathing creature.

The young of gallinaceous and certain other fowls display upon hatching a much higher degree of precocity than many other nestlings. They are able to run at once, the Megapodes, as has been said, being actually able to fly at once and find their own food. Their motor organs are so well developed as to respond immediately to their congenital automatism; whereas those birds which are hatched blind and rely upon their parents for food brought to the nest, acquire the power of locomotion slowly and more or less awkwardly. This precocity is not known to bear any fixed relation to the respective periods of gestation and incubation of different genera. Similar want of uniformity prevails among mammals. Hares, horses, deer and cattle are born with effective powers of locomotion, with sight, hearing, &c., in active operation, and with their mental powers alert. The young rabbit is blind, and, though sentient, probably unconscious for ten or twelve days after birth; a period which, in relation to the relative normal span of life, is about equal to a year of human existence. Puppies and kittens, also, are born blind and helpless; whereas man, though born with his eyes open, remains helpless and dubiously conscious for many months.

Again, certain animals which, in an early stage of existence may possess a dim consciousness, and certainly exercise volition in locomotion, pass through a subsequent unconscious, though still sentient, phase. Thus a caterpillar falling into the middle of a dusty road, sets off at top speed for the nearest verdure. A few weeks later the same creature loses all power of

locomotion and probably all consciousness, although the chrysalis indicates by movement when touched that it is still sentient.

These considerations seem to indicate the impossibility of assigning any definite period to the origin of consciousness. The lion cub is born with legs and eyes—the eaglet with wings—which they cannot put to any use for long afterwards: the foal in the straw-yard—the plover on the moor—exercise their legs and eyes from the first. The common Mayfly (*Ephemera danica*) spends three years as an unlovely larva, living in mud, swallowing mud and matching the mud in color. At the end of this obscure, almost obscure, period of probation, after passing through many trivial, yet complicated, phases, it suddenly appears as a delicate, exquisitely graceful winged creature, endowed with magnificent powers of flight which it puts to use immediately, without the necessity for a trial trip. It baffles our sense of proportion to comprehend why all the tedious and ignoble preparatory life should not be the preface to a prolonged exercise of the perfected faculties. The pathetic truth is that the Mayfly seldom sees a second sunrise after becoming a perfect insect. Flight, love, reproduction and death—all are enacted within the space of twelve hours. During the following eleven months it may be that not a single Mayfly will dance in the glade which yesterday was dim with a mist of them. Seeing then how irregular is the period that elapses between the birth of animals and their attainment of control of the motor faculties, it is easy to perceive that similar uncertainty must surround the question how soon the brain, or its equivalent in the lowest grades, supplies any creature with consciousness and intelligence. From precocity of instinctive activities, such as that exhibited by Mr. Hudson's

young jacana, there may be inferred a corresponding forwardness in the machinery of consciousness and intelligence, because animals which are soonest thrown upon their own resources must be ready to exercise their wits, or disappear from the scene of life.

The growth of the organ of consciousness may be considered as spontaneous and its powers and functions congenital; but it has been popularly assumed that the radical difference between the intelligence of man and that of the lower animals is that the first is capable of indefinite expansion, whereas the second is stationary within fixed limits. Nevertheless it is possible sometimes to note a forward movement in the intelligence of individuals very low in the organic scale, with corresponding effect upon the habits of the race. At all events, the following instance of novel behavior on the part of bumble bees seems to indicate some such intellectual advance.

It is many years since I first noticed that the blossoms of the blue sage (*Salvia patens*) in my garden in Scotland had all been bitten across the throat, just above the stiff calyx. Upon examining flowers of the same species in a Berkshire garden, I found that they were intact, and so were those in a Scottish garden not twenty miles from my own. Now this sage is a native of Mexico, and possesses a beautiful structure to secure cross-fertilization. The beak of a humming-bird or the proboscis of a moth, inserted into the tube of a flower, causes the anthers to descend from their position in the upper lobe of the corolla in such a manner as to deposit upon the bird's head or insect's back a mass of yellow pollen, part of which is sure to adhere to the stigma of the next flower visited. The honey glands of the sage are very productive, but the tube of the

flower is narrow and difficult, prohibiting the passage of our substantial bumble bees. My suspicion fell upon these as the burglars, although they were equally plentiful in all the three gardens referred to, and the flowers had only been injured in one of them, because I had already observed that the bumbles treated the long spurs of yellow toadflax in similar unscrupulous fashion. My suspicion was confirmed by detecting a bumble in the act.

It may be objected that, after all, here is evidence, not so much of intelligence as of a keen scent for honey and a sharp pair of jaws. Quite so, but then why has the practice not become universal in the bees of all gardens? Moreover, last summer (1902) I found that the bumbles in my own garden had improved upon their earlier practice. For several years, the incision was made at the front of the throat of the flower, where the diameter of the tube is greatest. It seems to have dawned upon the bees that the shortest way is the best, because now they invariably bite through the side of the tube, where the diameter is smallest. Yet in all the years that have elapsed since the introduction of the blue sage from Mexico, it is only some bumble bees that have devised a summary access to the honey-glands, and of these bees, only a few have discovered the easiest method of entrance. Moreover, each generation of bees has to make the discovery for itself, for no bumble bee survives the winter to impart instruction to the coming generation.

3. *Is the conscious intelligence exteroic? In other words, is it the consequence of external and superior mandate or suggestion, acting upon a suitable physical receptacle?*

This question leads upon ground upon which the light of scientific evidence has scarcely fallen as yet. In

those remarkable chapters of the Book of Job, the 38th and three following ones wherein the Lord answers Job out of the whirlwind, there is a great deal of reference to matter most interesting to the zoologist. They should be read, for lucidity, in the Revised Version:—

The wing of the ostrich rejoiceth,
But are her pinions and feathers
kindly [or like the stork's]?
For she leaveth her eggs on the earth,
And warmeth them in the dust,
And forgetteth that the foot may
crush them,
Or that the wild beast may trample
them.
She is hardened against her young
ones, as if they were not hers;
Though her labors be in vain, she is
without fear;
*Because God hath deprived her of
wisdom,
Neither hath He imparted to her under-
standing.*"

Here the author of life is considered naturally as the source of consciousness, nor is any other source likely to suggest itself to one who feels that there must be a designing, controlling and directing head of the universe. To expunge that factor from our speculations only lands us in darker perplexity. Yet of the nature of that head, "whom no man hath seen or can see," we have nothing in the shape of evidence,⁹ nor of the means by which He may communicate mandates or inspire intelligence. Wherefore it may seem idle to propound a question to which no answer can be found. Howbeit, man's curiosity is insatiable; a systematic and resolute attempt has been undertaken to sound the abyss of supersensory phenomena. The late Mr. Frederick Myers applied a disciplined intellect to the collation and analysis of hyperphysical experience. He was no dreamy enthusiast, subordinating

his critical faculties to a *a priori* inclination or emotional preconception, but an advanced and erudite evolutionist, versed in the limitations of scientific inquiry and applying its recognized method to the elucidation of matters which most men of science perhaps either dismiss as illusory or pronounce outside and beyond the region of research. It is not within the scope of every intellect to follow Mr. Myers across the threshold of his laboratory or even to grasp the reality of the enigma to which he addressed himself—not daring to hope to solve it, but to detect the path which might lead to a solution; nevertheless, none who is conscious, however dimly, of the presence of a psychical problem, or who has speculated, however inconsequently, upon the phenomena of sympathy, suggestion, will, trance and automatism, can fail to perceive in Mr. Myers's posthumous volumes¹¹ the right system whereby advance must be made, if the road is not inexorably barred to human access. The inquiry is concentrated upon the evolution and range of human psychology. "Human personality, as it has developed from lowly ancestors, has become differentiated into two phases: one of them mainly adapted to material or planetary, the other to spiritual or cosmic operation;" and he proceeds upon the assumption that the first is the "self" of which every human being, from the West Australian savage to the veriest *mondaine*, is conscious; and that the second is a subliminal self, withdrawn from normal consciousness, below or behind the material man or woman, beyond the control of the will and distinct from the workaday intellect. Now, I have neither the wish nor the power to pronounce whether Mr. Myers's conclusions are reasonable deductions from

⁹ Job xxxix. 13-17.

¹⁰ Doctrine—plenty of it: dogma—enough and to spare; but of evidence in the strict sense, not a jot.

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¹¹ "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," 2 vols. (Longmans.)

accumulated and well-sifted evidence, or to dismiss them as plausible and seductive, but fallacious, hypotheses. All that I venture to suggest is this—that, supposing Mr. Myers has touched a clue by following which subsequent students may succeed in establishing beyond rational doubt the existence of a subliminal self, the receptacle of the spirit of man; and that this spirit, as has been firmly believed by many persons in all ages, is sensible of and obedient to the direct promptings, injunctions and warnings of an external Power, further research may identify a subliminal consciousness in living creatures lower than man, similar in function and relation, though proportionately inferior in range and degree. Assuming that this elusive agent should be proved to be part of man's equipment, it will be difficult to explain the co-operative instinct of a dog as the mere outcome of co-ordinate, congenital activities. Through what avenue has a dog derived such inveterate sociability that, even when it is segregated from its own kind and adopts man, *faute de mieux*, as a comrade, it can do nothing alone? Depraved examples there are of dogs which will go marauding alone, but they are very rare. In such, perhaps, some perverse suggestion has obtained access to the subliminal conscience. As a rule, dogs will only hunt in couples, in packs, or singly when associated with man. From the stately deerhound to the puniest lapdog, none will take exercise alone; provide a human companion, and the animal will travel all day. If that companion be on a bicycle, the dog will run till he drops from exhaustion. And suppose that it should ever be proved that dogs act under mandate or suggestion of a superior Power, conveyed through a hitherto inscrutable channel, how could animals lower than dogs—hermit-crabs, for example—be declared incapable of

receiving similar supersensory stimulus?

In justice to Mr. Myers's memory, let it be said plainly that he never lent himself to any such hypothesis. On the contrary, his whole treatise is confined to human personality, and, among human beings, only the elect, as it were; those who have begun to realize their latent privileges. He compares the process of supersensory development to the primitive stages of animal evolution, when the pigment spot on the skin of some rudimentary organism first became sensitized to light, and the creature received a novel sensation.

The frontier between human beings and other creatures can only be drawn dogmatically and, so to speak, irrationally. Their characteristics and actions blend imperceptibly. Rather than accept Mr. Myers's exclusive doctrine, it is easier for minds accustomed to ponder upon the behavior of animals to be frankly teleological, and to admit the probability of a Supreme Being and His invisible ministers communicating decrees regulating their conduct through a medium of which none is more than dimly and speculatively conscious.

Assuming a First Cause, instinctive activities in the lower animals may be regarded as the comparatively simple and intelligible results of forces initiated by him, acting unerringly in prescribed directions by means of co-ordinate organs modified by evolution. It is in accordance with the plan of nature that, in their performance of instinctive activities, certain insects should unconsciously take an indispensable part in the fertilization of flowers specially adapted to take advantage of their visits. But it is different, and infinitely more bewildering when the preservation of the race of both insect and plant depends upon the insect acting with as much circum-

spection and precision as could be shown by a human cultivator. Such is the well-known behavior of the yucca moth (*Pronuba yuccasella*). This insect haunts exclusively the flowers of the yucca and, collecting pollen from one blossom, kneads it into a pellet which she carries by means of specially enlarged palps in her flight to another flower. Here she pierces the pistil and deposits her eggs among the ovules or unfertilized seeds, and then swiftly runs to the top of the pistil and pushes the pollen-pellet into the wide mouth of the stigma. Observe, that without this interchange of offices between insect and plant, the race of each would cease to exist. It has been proved that the ovules cannot be fertilized unless pollen, preferably from another blossom, is intentionally inserted into the

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funnel of the stigma; if they were not so fertilized they would afford no food for the grubs of the ministering moth. When all goes well, the grubs eat about half the ovules, leaving a hundred or so to ripen as seeds, and to perpetuate the herb which is essential to the existence of the moth. It is difficult to recognize merely sentient automatism in the means by which this interdependence of host and guest is maintained, the action closely resembles that of effective consciousness. Yet if it be extravagant to attribute to the moth an understanding of vegetable physiology, what is left but to speculate whether the First Cause be not also a Directing Power, with means of communicating his mandates to the humblest of his creatures?

Herbert Maxwell.

JOHN CROFT'S FORTUNE.

I.

"Five hundred pounds now, and another five hundred when your report is in the hands of my directors. Will that meet you, Mr. Croft?"

The speaker was a Frenchman, although his English was irreproachable and his foreign accent of the slightest; and he looked the true Parisian of the Boulevards, even here on the hotel verandah in the British West African town of Sekondi, where Frenchmen among the whites are as rare as albinos among the negroes. Those dark alert eyes, the carefully waxed moustache, the pointed beard, the little tricks of expression and gesture—the uplifting of eyebrows now, the shrug of shoulders a moment later—all betrayed his nationality, despite the disguise of a brick-red complexion, a big

pith helmet, and white drill clothing that was frayed at the wrists, patched on the knees, and more or less mud-stained everywhere.

His companion wore clothes of pretty much the same style, the work-a-day costume of the European on the Gold Coast; but broad shoulders and massive limbs, the strong square jaw under a beard that was rough and unkempt, and blue eyes, softly meditative but wondrously full of dogged determination, bespoke the man of Anglo-Saxon race just as unmistakably as did the name by which he had been addressed.

Croft had been slowly pacing the verandah, but at the point-blank question he stopped in front of the canvas chair occupied by the Frenchman.

"Just let me have a look at the drawings you spoke about, Monsieur

Jollivet," he demanded abruptly, and with hand extended.

Jollivet's fingers moved to the breast-pocket of his jacket, but there they hesitated.

"In confidence, then," he cautiously stipulated.

"Of course, in confidence," was the impatient rejoinder. "When you are dealing with John Croft, sir, there is no need for that proviso, as every man on the Gold Coast will tell you."

No further demur was made, and Croft, seating himself at a small bamboo table, proceeded to smooth out the drawings. They were two in number—pen-and-ink tracings on glazed transparent linen, obviously facsimile reproductions of original sketches on more perishable material. The first was a route map through a particular district of the Senegal country, with natural features indicated but very few names filled in; the second was a mining plan, showing a line of reef, shallow surface workings, and assay results noted here and there in tiny figures. Croft examined both documents with close and critical care but swift professional understanding.

"Who drew these?" he asked, glancing across at Jollivet.

"A countryman of yours—William Millar, by name. He died, poor fellow, the day after he got back to Dakar."

"Oh, Billy Millar," exclaimed Croft, now in the act of refolding the tracings. "I knew him well; we were together on the Rand. He was a good man at his work, and thoroughly to be trusted when the whiskey-bottle wasn't too close to his elbow. But I don't suppose that failing troubled him in the back-of-beyond country he had got to here," he murmured, with a stern, sad smile, as he handed back the papers.

"My syndicate put up a hundred thousand francs the very day I took

the proposition home to Paris," resumed Jollivet, eagerly. "Then, as I have told you, I returned to Senegal with a couple of assistants. But although we have made three tries now to get up the river, the trouble we have had with our black boys, not to speak of the accursed malaria, has each time proved too much for us. Yet you could help us through, Mr. Croft, I am certain. You Englishmen seem to have the knack of managing the Kroo boys," he added, in reluctant and doleful admission of an unpleasant truth that had to be recognized.

"Well, Monsieur Jollivet," replied Croft, after a few moments of reflection, "you are aware that I have taken my passage for England on to-morrow's boat. But now I know that it was my old friend Millar who located this show, I'm inclined to close with your offer. Who are your comrades on the river?"

"Oh, both trained engineers, like yourself. I don't profess to be that, you understand; I am merely in charge of the finances. But Delorme and Rolland hold their diplomas from the Ecole Polytechnique."

"Have they had practical experience of mining?"

"Not of gold-mining. This is their first trip out."

Croft smiled somewhat contemptuously, but his mind was now made up. He rose again to his feet.

"Well, count the matter as settled," he said decisively. "Go along to the bank, and bring me back a draft on London for five hundred pounds. I shall want to take my own head-boy with me, and my Ashanti servant as well. Luckily both are in Sekondi—they came down from Teberibie to see me off. You'll engage them for the trip at current rate of wages. The boat due to-morrow calls at Dakar, so we can all go by it. Have your agreement ready with the draft, and we

shall sign. I suppose you can be here again in a hour's time?"

The Frenchman sprang up with alacrity.

"I am delighted," he cried. "I couldn't have got a better man on the whole Coast."

"I don't suppose you could," laughed Croft, drily, as he took the proffered hand and gave the grip that closed the bargain.

When Jollivet had departed, the Englishman went straight to his bedroom. From one of his steel trunks he produced a brooch in the shape of a butterfly, a dagger-shaped ornament for the hair, and a ring engraved with the signs of the zodiac, all in pure gold, and of rough, but exquisite, native workmanship. With a little sigh, he proceeded to wrap the trinkets in tissue paper and pack them carefully into a cardboard box. This last he sealed, using a big iron seal, which he had made with his own hands at Teberible, four years before, when he had first come out to West Africa, and discovered that gummed envelopes were useless in that atmosphere of humid heat. Yes; it all came back to him, as he looked at the clumsy die—a horse-shoe pattern, for luck—and, dropping into a chair, he let memory ramble.

Four years on the Gold Coast, the land that has earned the grim name of "The White Man's Grave," and he had stood it without a single day of serious illness. Malaria had been all around him, but he had defied its insidious attacks. Of three-and-twenty young Englishmen who had come out with him on the voyage, more than a dozen, to his knowledge, were dead, and the others had long since returned, health shattered, with the miasma poison in their blood for the rest of their days. He alone was making his escape unscathed. And yet, while he stood at the very gate beyond which safety and happiness lay, a fatal fas-

cination seemed to be luring him back, as if at the beckoning of some mysterious, insatiable fiend—the ghoul that loved to sit upon the lonely sepulchres of the white men whose very souls he had devoured.

John Croft had followed his profession of mining expert in many dangerous parts of the world—in ice-bound Klondyke, in Coolgardie, typhoid-smitten in its early days, in rough American camps where the bowie knife often flashed and the revolver came ready to men's hands. But he had never seen the gaunt spectre of Death mow down his heavy harvest as in this terrible land. Not once in the whole course of his career had he flinched from the risks of his calling. Nor did he flinch from peril now. He was only thinking of the young wife at home, whom he had left four long years ago, and who would be well-nigh broken-hearted by this further spell of separation, this drawing out of weary, anxious, fearful waiting. And she was preparing even now for his home-coming, as her last joyous letters told.

Poor little Etta! And the baby, he would shed tears of bitter disappointment, too—the little toddling boy who, as Etta wrote, called loudly every day for "fader darling" far away, and prayed nightly for his safe return to those who loved him.

Yes; rough man as he looked, hard and stern as he was reckoned among his fellows, John Croft had those who loved him tenderly and dearly; for well did they know that it was for their sakes he had endured parting and faced danger—that it was for them he had accepted the big pay, with the big hardships and the big risks, of the Gold Coast.

Yet, when the family nest-egg had been fairly earned, he was going to seek for further store. It was not avarice that drew him on. No; it was pure love for his dear ones. A few

more months of self-denial, and the provision for their future would be surer still. Yes, yes, he was doing the right thing. And reverie was thrust away.

He reached for his letter-case, and wrote his wife words of cheerful, courageous consolation. Just a little longer, then he would be back to her, with this extra windfall of a thousand pounds in his possession. Meanwhile, there were the trinkets as testimony of his love, made of gold washed by his own hands from the pounded quartz, fashioned by a native workman under his own eye.

Thus John Croft followed his fortune.

II.

They were four weeks up the Senegal River—the three Frenchmen, Jollivet, Delorme, and Rolland; the Englishman, John Croft; his head-boy, Moses Acquah; his Ashanti servant, Bruku; and some thirty Kroo "boys" to row the five big canoes that carried the store of tinned provisions, and the "trade" of cotton cloths, beads, and cheap trinkets. Jollivet was in command, as the organizer of the expedition, and the holder of the Paris syndicate's purse. But the leader's enthusiasm had long since oozed out at his finger tips; he had become an open scoffer, denouncing the dead prospector Millar as a fraud, and himself as a fool, for having ever placed the slightest credence in the papers that had come into his possession, as he cynically admitted, at the price of a coffin, and a bottle of rum for the men who had dug the grave.

It had, indeed, been a terrible time—had enough to have daunted the courage of one of sterner stuff than Jollivet. Almost from the start the natives on the banks had been unfriendly, and had withheld supplies of fresh pro-

vender; latterly, they had become openly hostile, and there had been incessant attacks, in which blood on both sides had been split. Then both of the young French engineers, new to the life of hardship, and unseasoned to the climate, had fallen ill of malarial fever, until their hatchet faces and ague-shaken frames had fairly scared their compatriot out of his wits, and made him only anxious to get back to the coast. Moreover, the black fellows in the boats were now in a state of sullen discontent, bordering on mutiny. Not only had they buried their dead after several affrays, but they were brow-beaten and back-beaten until all willing service had gone out of their hearts. For Jollivet had a sharp tongue and a heavy hand, and he used both unmercifully when things went wrong.

On this subject of flogging, remonstrances on the part of Croft had proved of no avail. Not that he failed to realize that the law of the stick is the final law when dealing with untutored negroes on their own soil. It is the only logic they can understand. The fear of retribution must be not merely under their eyes, but on occasion the sting of it must be on their skins as proof of its genuine reality. Knowing this well, Croft had thrashed on occasion, and would thrash again. But what he objected to was the use of the rod for trivial offences, whereby its usefulness in graver emergencies was destroyed.

Jollivet, however, who had been a trader on the coast off and on for a good many years, had acquired a profound belief in the efficacy of the bamboo. Constant and indiscriminate whacking was his only idea of compelling obedience, and he insisted upon having his way—for, with three Frenchmen in a bunch, there was no talk now of British *savoir faire*. So Croft, in a minority of one, had perforce to yield the argument and submit to the lead-

er's ordering of things, as any breach of discipline on his part would have been the signal for a revolt among the blacks, in which, as like as not, all four Europeans would have lost their lives. Yet sometimes it had been only by the sternest self-repression that he had stayed his strong right arm from snatching the stick out of the white man's hands and laying it across his cowardly shoulders. Jollivet had read the grave looks of disapproval, and had met them by sombre scowls.

With all these elements of failure present, and all these factors for failure at work, it was only the indomitable will of John Croft that held the expedition together. He would not give up the quest for Millar's reef when once it had been begun. Nor would he turn back at Jollivet's bidding, because there was a better chance of saving the sick men's lives by pushing onwards and out of the fever-belt, than by exposing them to the risks of the long down-river journey through deadly swamps. For Croft counted now that there were but a score of miles at most from the point where they would leave the boats, and strike overland for the hill country where lay both health and gold.

Four weeks up the river; but only two days more, and the worst of the journey would be over!

It was the noontide hour, and, according to invariable custom, the party was encamped under the shade of a grove of palms. The invalids had been swung in hammocks, and Croft had gazed pityingly on their fever-flushed cheeks, haggard eyes, and parched lips. Ah, if only he could get them some fresh food—a chicken or two for soup!

At the thought, Croft laid hold of a Winchester rifle, slipped a few handfuls of beads into his pocket, and called on Bruku, the bravest lad among all their native following, to accompany

him. He nodded to Jollivet, merely remarking that he would not be very long gone. Then he set forth through the forest. There must be some village near, and a bargain might be made, for the Ashanti boy had a smattering of almost every dialect spoken in West Africa.

When, a few hours later, Croft returned, with Bruku carrying half-a-dozen chickens slung across his shoulder, the boats were gone! He read everything in a flash. He had been deserted. Since he would not yield to the counsels for return, he had been betrayed.

Bruku had also instantly understood, and was shaking an angry black fist down the river.

But where was Moses Acquah, the head-boy, of whose fidelity Croft felt assured? A Fanti by race, an intelligent and well-educated youth, Acquah had ever been honest and true to the white master who had treated him firmly, but always justly and kindly as well. Where was he now? As Croft again asked himself the question, his eye swept the littered and deserted camp. He caught sight of a sheet of paper, pinned by an old pocket-knife to the bole of a palm tree.

Acquah had been to a missionary school, and he wrote very fine English, in the most correct commercial style, but with just a flavor of Scripture now and then. His pencilled message read thus:—

“Most honored Master,

“By letter of this date I beg to inform you that the French bosses have betaken themselves home. Peradventure I might have remained behind with you, but by God gracious do your sincerely and respectfully service otherwise. I shall come back to-night or the night after mayhap, and bring the boats, for the Kroo boys will discharge service to the lion, but not to the vultures. I know how to operate on their feelings and impecuniosities

when we are alone from above-mentioned vultures. The winds and the waves beat, but the tree stands. My dear Manager, you will find bag of canned goods per invoice hidden in bushes on edge of river. I shall leave for the French bosses respectful compliments *re* the impudence with which they have taken to insult you.

"I am, sir, yours very faithfully,

"C. Moses Acquah."

Croft, even in his sorry predicament, could not but laugh over this delightful letter—delightful both in its phrasing and in the comforting assurance it conveyed. Well did he remember that fine sentence about the tree and the waves and winds. It had evidently been learned from some school copy-book, and had specially appealed to poor Acquah's boyish fancy; for, when he had first started his work as clerk on the Teberible Mine, by hook or by crook it had been dragged into every letter that had come from under his hand. Indeed the admirable, if somewhat high-flown, sentiment had been eliminated finally from dry business correspondence only when sixpenny fines had been exacted on every occasion of its reappearance. But the tree still stood! Whether the metaphor in its present application was intended to attest Acquah's firm fidelity or to predict his master's ultimate safety mattered little. Croft was well content to take the meaning both ways.

When the missive was explained to Bruku, the boy from Kumassi chuckled low and gleefully.

"Moses Acquah him savvy plenty much, mourra (master). Softly, softly, catch a monkey. French bosses live for die, sartin sure. Me make chop."

And with this Bruku, after foraging the tinned stores from the sedges, proceeded calmly to cook the fowls.

It was a lonely, weird night in the forest with strange noises all around—the snorting of hippopotamuses in the river, the hoarse, eerie cry of sloths

among the trees, the almost human cough of large apes, the caterwauling of wild cats, and once the short barking growl of a leopard not a hundred yards from the camp-fire. Croft kept watch from sunset to dawn, his rifle across his knees.

But the day had not far advanced when there came from down the water the rhythmic splash of paddles and the sing-song of Kroo boys bending to the blades. Gradually the welcome sounds grew nearer, and, perched on the foremost prow that appeared around the bend, was Moses Acquah, keeping the time and leading the chorus.

The Fanti lad had been true to his word. He had brought back four of the boats. With mercy that reflected credit on his missionary teaching, he had left one canoe, a share of the provisions, and half-a-dozen of the least desirable natives to help the "French bosses" on their homeward way. But he had with him nearly the whole of the merchandise for barter, and, better still, the iron box wherein lay William Millar's route map and mining plan.

With a light heart and an easy conscience John Croft resumed his journey upstream.

III.

Six months later Croft stood in the vestibule of a handsome suite of offices in the Boulevard Haussmann, Paris. His name had been sent in to the chief director of the "Compagnie de Mines d'Or de Simpahtalba, Sénégal." While he waited, he was studying with amused interest a large map that hung upon the wall.

Yes; here was Billy Millar's land of promise all beautifully charted in detail, mountains and streams named now with fine aboriginal polysyllables, the reef defined by a bold line of crimson, the mine itself by a glorious patch of golden yellow. John Croft almost

laughed right out, for he had been the only white man who had ever seen that country since its first prospector died, and he knew at a glance that the map on the wall was a mere fiction of the imagination. The very name Simpahtaiba was one that assuredly had never been heard in that remote region of Equatorial Africa.

But his reflections were cut short by an invitation to enter the financial sanctum. Croft knew enough French to understand and to make himself understood.

He confronted a stout, pompous-looking, and over-dressed individual, with a gold chain like a dog-collar across his waistcoat, presumably from the fabulous mine in Upper Senegal.

His card was held between fingers that trembled with indignant incredulity.

"But you are dead, Monsieur Croft!"

"Excuse me, sir. I am very much alive."

"You are dead, I tell you—you were in our prospectus as dead—both you and poor Delorme."

"And who reported my decease, may I ask?"

"Monsieur Jollivet, naturally. Delorme died of fever on the way down the river, crowned with the imperishable laurels of noble work accomplished at the sacrifice of his life. But you had been eaten by a lion on the way up, before the serious work of the journey had begun. Jollivet, brave fellow, tried to save you; despite his heroic efforts, however, the brute got off with you between his teeth, and only your feet were found next morning, in their rubber boots at the bottom of a tree."

The sentences were rattled off pat, while Croft listened in blank amazement. But at the close he smiled grimly—somewhat as the lion must have smiled after the meal from which the rubbers had been so judiciously

excluded, so that there might be no interference with the ecstasies of digestion.

"Am I to gather that all this was in the prospectus too?" asked the accredited victim of the savage carnivora.

"All in the prospectus, monsieur. These tragic episodes—your own death and Delorme's—in an otherwise completely successful expedition, had to themselves the paragraph I have just quoted."

"Well," said Croft, drily, "about Monsier Delorme's fate I can say nothing—he looked bad when I saw him last, and may have died going down the river for all I know. But my own case is a modern version of Jonah and the whale. That lion, you see, couldn't keep me down, sir."

"I recognize that there must have been some mistake," admitted the Frenchman, uneasily. "By what providential chance did you escape after all?"

"Oh, I think we'll leave the providential escape alone for the present," smiled Croft. "I fancy you will find that there are a good few mistakes, monsieur, that will have to be rectified. To begin with, where is the brave Jollivet? I am particularly desirous of meeting him again. I have a score to settle with him—a rather bigger score than I at first imagined. Where can I find Jollivet?"

"Messieurs Jollivet and Rolland are both in Germany, getting together the machinery. It was put in order immediately after they brought home the mine."

"Brought home the mine?"

"Oh, I mean, of course, the concession from King Prempehbabbe."

"King who? I beg your pardon for again interrupting. But what is the black gentleman's name?"

"King Prempehbabbe, sir. They brought back the concession, signed, witnessed, and sealed, together with

most admirable detailed reports on the mine, and samples of the gold in the matrix. Magnificent samples; there they are, sir, in that case by the window; assayed at the Mint—seven ounces to the ton."

The Frenchman seemed to have quite reassured himself by the recital of these circumstantial and convincing particulars; he had recovered his aplomb, and his countenance—despite the disquieting contradiction to the lion story—was again quite radiant.

Croft was smiling quietly; he did not even trouble himself to glance at the seven-ounce specimens that might well have made the mouth of a mining engineer to water. He had heard of bogus concessions on the Gold Coast before, and had seen too much of the trade in ore samples all the world over to feel any very great surprise. So he fully understood the game that had been played. But for the moment his own interests were the chief concern.

"And my report, monsieur," he said, with some diffidence. "It is in my pocket—here, now." He tapped his breast.

"Ah, it comes too late to be of the slightest use," was the lofty reply. "Our mine was floated without any assistance from you—indeed, I censured Monsieur Jollivet for seeking British help at all. Our enterprise is purely a French one, I am proud to say, and we hold the richest mining property in the whole colonial possessions of France. Our shares are already at seventy-five francs premium—no sellers."

"And the balance of my fee for reporting—my out-of-pocket expenses on King Thingumey's territory?"

The irreverent mutilation of his dusky Majesty's name caused the peppery Frenchman to bridle up at once.

"Cannot be paid, sir," he snapped, viciously. "Your report was not received here on the due date. Any disbursements—if such were made—were

at your own risk, and quite without authority."

And an unceremonious wave of the hand intimated that the interview was at an end.

Croft had flushed slightly at the implied slur upon the honesty of his claim, but he managed to keep his temper.

"One word more, Mr. Chairman, if you please," he said, quietly. "Just allow me to tell you that your concession-granting monarch is a myth, your trusted agent a humbug, and your mine a fraud."

Turning on his heel he left the Frenchman in sputtering impotence to make coherent reply. At the door of the room he encountered a small and meagre man of secretarial appearance, who had apparently been a silent witness of the entire scene. This official gave the visitor his final *congé*.

"It is just like English impertinence to come here and attempt to decry the work of our splendid French engineers and explorers—men like Monsieur Jollivet, a Marchand, a Lesseps, and a Napoleon of finance rolled into one."

The little fellow was fairly trembling with suppressed indignation; and now at last John Croft laughed aloud.

"Certainly, monsieur," he replied, when he had again composed his features, "our friend Jollivet is a very clever fellow indeed. Marchand, Lesseps, and Napoleon, as you say, all under one skin. But don't you forget that alternative spellings in the native dialects for Simpahtaliba are Fashoda, Panama, and Waterloo."

With this enigmatic utterance, Croft went his way on to the Boulevards.

"My directors in London will see me through," was his calm reflection, as he strolled along towards a tourist agency to ascertain the hour of the first train for Calais.

And his London directors saw him through. Croft planked down his two

years' savings, to help to back with working capital his map, his plans, his report, his panning tests, and his samples of the ore. Every man in the board-room followed this example, and to still more substantial amounts. As sole vendor of the property that had been, so to speak, thrust into his hands, Croft took half of the no-liability shares in payment of the concession he had secured from the native chiefs.

The new company is nominally French, for it operates in French territory. But—ah, *perfidie Albion!*—its owners are British—almost to a man. There are two notable exceptions. A thousand fully-paid shares stand in the name of C. Moses Acquah, and another block of five hundred in the name of Bruku, the Ashanti boy.

Etta Croft is a happy little woman at last. She had borne the long months of separation and unavoidable silence with courageous patience, for strong was her faith in John Croft's resolute

Temple Bar.

character and in his good fortune as well. Luckily the Simpahtaliba prospectus had never come her way, to change the young wife's natural anxiety into harrowing and needless sorrow. Had anything of the kind happened, it is certain that Monsieur Jollivet would long since have felt keen regret that a lion had not indeed eaten up the man whom he so basely abandoned among the swamps of the Upper Senegal.

And John Croft, junior, is a happy little boy. For "fader darling" will never leave home again. But the child loves to listen to fire-side stories about the barking panther which prowled around the camp-fire that night among the palms, about the black boy Bruku, who slept while father watched, and about Moses Acquah, the faithful negro lad who wrote the "bootifu" letter all by hisself," and kept the time for the merry Kroo boys paddling upstream in the breaking dawn.

Edmund Mitchell.

THACKERAY.

AN APPRECIATION.

Many years ago, while still in my 'teens, I was invited to a reception at a London house where in those days such *réunions* generally included most of the artistic and literary celebrities of the time. I had never been bidden to an entertainment of this kind before, and, anxious to see everyone present, I stood near my hostess as she greeted the various guests who entered her drawing-room. Among them was a tall middle-aged man in spectacles, with bushy white hair, whose features wore a rather haughty, but withal amiable, expression. Probably because I looked young to be present at such a gathering, he asked who I was, laid

his hand kindly on my shoulder, and passed on.

I ventured to inquire his name.

"Why, don't you know?" said the mistress of the house, with a smile at my ignorance. "That is Mr. Thackeray."

For the moment I was mortified. First because although I had never seen him before I almost felt that one ought to have recognized such a great man instinctively, and secondly because I had lost a chance of exchanging a few words with an author who had inspired me, even then, with intense admiration.

It is perhaps strange that Thack-

eray's books should have proved so attractive to a boy, but I can truly say that I began to appreciate them at the age of fifteen, that I have since read nearly every work which he wrote—many of them several times over—and that in the field of literature to which they belong I have never come across any which from first to last afforded me so much pleasure, taught me more wisdom, or filled me with such respect for the writer.

Most youngsters enjoy works of fiction. For the rising generation they are now as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, but of the limited number which had won popularity in my schooldays I read a fair proportion. The romance, the antiquarian lore and dramatic interest of Walter Scott's novels fascinated me. I accepted Harrison Ainsworth as an accomplished historian. I enjoyed Lever's rollicking tales of military life, felt somewhat overawed by Bulwer's display of culture, and have had many a laugh over the early productions of "Boz." But when once I became familiar with Thackeray's works, they presented an attraction which seemed then, and still appears to me, unrivalled.

What is there in this great author's style which commends itself to half the reading public, and causes the other half to regard it with misgiving and even dislike? From my own experience I should say that among other reasons, and however oddly it may appear, it was the *realism* of his art. Many people, and women especially, like best a novel which presents an ideal picture: where the hero is a paragon of honor, courage, and every manly virtue; where the heroine is of peerless beauty, brilliant intellect, and incapable of any feminine weakness; where the *mauvais sujet* is a scoundrel of the deepest dye. They revel in pages of artificial senti-

ment, delight in dialogue suggestive of a *Complete Letterwriter*, enjoy the description of sensational scenes which savor of the stage—and then imagine that they have been reading a story of real life. Now Thackeray, from the first, seems to have determined that the mirror which he held up to Nature should at least be an honest one. Before he began to write he had had considerable experience of the world, both at home and abroad, in various phases of Society. He found it peopled with fellow-creatures who can neither be classed as saints or sinners, but who are distinguished by infinite gradations of character tending towards good or evil. The choicest beings to whom he introduces us are not devoid of little failings. Even manly and unselfish Harry Esmond was weak at times. That gallant and high-bred gentleman, Colonel Newcome, could lose his temper, and honest George Warrington posed, when it pleased him, as a cynic.

Lady readers of Thackeray are apt to allege that he did not understand their sex. Probably because in his deep and chivalrous admiration for womankind he was not blind to its foibles. Rachel, Lady Castlewood, is a religious devotee, a loyal subject, and a model of virtue; but her angelic disposition does not prevent her from being absurdly prejudiced, ungrateful, and jealous of her own daughter. Amelia is a simple-hearted and affectionate wife, but she is obstinate, strangely deficient in judgment, and in some respects almost a goose. Ethel Newcome comes as near perfection as any optimist could desire. But even she passes through a phase of worldliness and social ambition which at one time bids fair to wreck her lot.

On the other hand it will be generally found that the "black sheep" in Thackeray's novels are not without their redeeming points. Lord Castle-

wood is dissolute, a toper, and a gambler. But he is a staunch friend, has a keen sense of honor, plenty of courage, and meets his end like a gentleman. Who can help liking Rawdon Crawley, stupid and disreputable spendthrift though he was, when one remembers his pluck and the love which he bore to his child? If Jack Belsize eloped with a married woman, it was in the desperate hope of rescuing her from a life of shame and degradation. A greater scoundrel than Barry Lyndon has seldom been portrayed in fiction, but even he had his touches of remorse, and the emotion with which he revisits the scenes of his boyhood is almost pathetic. Speaking generally, one may say of Thackeray that if he recognized no ideal of perfection in humanity he was not unwilling to "give the devil his due." This is a rare quality, not only among the writers of books but among those who read them. A tendency to express and to admire sharply contrasted effects of light and shade has been sometimes regarded as an indication of decadence in old pictorial art. One traces a certain analogy to this in the evolution of the nineteenth-century novel. In a previous age neither *Tom Jones* nor *Roderick Random* was represented as immaculate; and though, having become more squeamish since the days of Fielding and Smollett, we may wish to draw a decent veil over youthful peccadilloes at the present time, one cannot forget the old Terentian adage: *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*.

Thackeray was the first English novelist who rescued the literature of fiction from the groove of false ideality into which it was sliding in Early Victorian times. He detected some follies in the upright, and admitted occasionally a redeeming trait of virtue in the ungodly. The world is beginning to acknowledge that he was right.

But the average moralist fifty years ago was alarmed at even the suggestion of such an ethical paradox.

Another barrier which divides the admirers from the detractors of this author is the quality of his humor. A genuine sense of humor cannot easily be determined, but most people would feel aggrieved if they were told that they did not possess it. Yet how rare it is! Of humor which is based on ordinary fun there is generally no lack among our countrymen. *Pickwick* and the earlier novels of Dickens raised the laughter of countless readers who were unable to relish the refined flavor of Thackeray's wit. It was too subtle and delicate for their mental appetite. There are some persons who cannot understand banter. The semi-facetious philosophy in which our author indulged from time to time, after the fashion of Horace, half-concealing home truths under a heap of chaff, or brightening a moral essay with sparks of irony, presented a puzzle to those who were accustomed to simpler forms of literary art. They begrudged a word of sympathy with the weak side of human nature. They were shocked when a little fun was poked at a philanthropist. They would not recognize the fact that the best-intentioned of our fellow-creatures may be sometimes, notwithstanding their merits, uninteresting.

Thackeray's comments on what we call society filled certain of its members with alarm, and they shrank from his conclusions as the orthodox in faith would from a new heresy. The writer was said to take a morbid view of life. His sentiments were described as dangerous, his disposition as bitter, his style as deplorably satirical. A large amount of this abuse no doubt proceeded from shallow critics, whose want of appreciation may be attributed to dulness. But there were others, for whom no such excuse can

be offered, and it is not too much to say that time has proved them to have been unjust. All that we now know of Thackeray's private character shows him to have been a cultured gentleman, sharing the ordinary foibles of mankind, and perhaps unduly sensitive to affront; but always honorable and large-minded, with a generous and kindly heart moved by sympathies so genuine and wide in their scope that it would be difficult to find a parallel for them in the profession which he followed.

And what is there in his novels or essays inconsistent with this estimate of his character? He has often been accused of sneering, and it is quite true that when he chose to use it he had a caustic pen. He sneered at humbug wherever he found it, whether at home or abroad, at Court, in the world of fashion, in the counting-house, the club-room, or the pulpit. But he never wrote a paragraph which could be interpreted as a scoff at religion or good morals. In his saddest pictures of domestic life he takes care to discriminate clearly between right and wrong. He has rather a scornful smile for the "over-righteous," and he sometimes says a good word for the rogue; but he never paints vice in false colors, and for simple unaffected virtue he always expresses the highest respect.

It was probably his close scrutiny of minor frailties and his impatience of conventional probity which offended a certain class of readers. Few men or women object to the literary description of a villain or a fool, because they are comfortably assured of their own rectitude and wisdom. There are but few thorough-paced villains or absolute fools among Thackeray's *dramatis personæ*. But some of the most respectable and upright characters which he drew occasionally betray little meannesses and vulgarities which

are almost inseparable from the artificial conditions of civilized life. And there is no escape from the conclusion that we are all more or less prone to such faults. Indeed, the author does not except himself. The very *nom de plume* which he assumed in the amusing series of little social essays published under the title of the *Book of Snobs* was a frank confession that to some extent he shared the common lot. But then he expected his readers to join in that confession, and this is precisely what they did not like to do. Many of them must have winced under the searchlight which he threw upon society, revealing petty artifices, priggishness, toadyism, and brag which abound in the world, and into which the best of mortals may occasionally slide, but which no one cares to admit as personally characteristic of himself. Hence it followed that a certain section of the British public, with whom self-introspection is not a favorite virtue, were discomforted by the author's mode of philosophy, averred that he was a pessimist who could only discern the seamy side of life, and so forth. They wanted, in short, a mere peep-show, and he supplemented it with a mirror, in which they found themselves reflected. *De te fabula narratur* was the text on which Thackeray was constantly preaching. His audience was necessarily a mixed one, and it is no wonder that some of them found the sermon distasteful.

But there are other reasons why novel-readers half a century ago objected to our author's books. They had been accustomed to romances in which they found, it is true, a vast amount of sentiment, but as a rule it was all expressed by the characters portrayed. The hero, the heroine, or their friends were often garrulous and sometimes grandiloquent. If they talked in a highly moral strain, one felt sure that the author was uttering his own con-

victions. If the rascal of the story was allowed to say his say, it left no doubt of his own iniquity. But it amused Thackeray so to array his puppets that at first sight the parts which they were destined to play seemed doubtful. Honest folk often betrayed their weak side. A plausible manner sometimes disguised the rôle of a scamp. Intelligent readers who had mastered the author's style soon became familiar with these literary tricks and enjoyed them. But, for the benefit of a less enlightened audience, and sometimes, maybe, to gratify his own caprice, he liked occasionally to step in front of the curtain and explain what was going on. The object was perfectly legitimate, but it was not always appreciated.

When he paused in the middle of a chapter (as Fielding often did) to comment on the characters he had been describing, to forestall the objections of his critics—to take them, as it were, into his confidence and preach a little homily on some incident in the narrative—the course was so unusual that not a few of his readers were fairly puzzled by it, as a schoolboy might be by the remarks of *Xopê* in the first Greek play which he reads. It is true that the author's method interrupted the thread of the story which he was telling, but it helped to accentuate its interest, to point its moral, to invest his puppets with vitality. At the close of these little digressions he seems to renew his duties as *raconteur* with fresh vigor, like a sturdy boatman who has rested on his oars a bit to gain breath and take a look down the stream.

But if diversity of tastes prevents the world of novel-readers from returning an unanimous verdict in favor of Thackeray's practice, the supreme quality of his best work has long been acknowledged by competent critics of literature. It is hardly too

much to say that no English writer of fiction in its modern sense was so versatile in capacity. His knowledge of human nature extended to nearly all the "seven ages" of man. For instance, his descriptions of boyhood are not only amusing but scrupulously faithful to real life. The playground incidents, and fight between Dobbin and Cuff in one of the early chapters of *Vanity Fair*, the delightful letter which little George Osborne writes home to his mother after the occurrence (adroitly substituting milk for rum-shrub in mentioning the contents of the broken bottle), the lordly airs assumed by Amelia's over-petted son under the roof of his grandfather, are in their several ways all reminiscent of the round-jacket age, an age in which the elements of malevolence and courage, frankness and deceit, artlessness and vanity are present in varied and sometimes complex forms.

Whether describing a private seminary like the one in which *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends* appears on the scene, or a great public school such as Thackeray often refers to under the pseudonym of "Grey Friars," the author thoroughly knew his subject, dealt with it honestly—not after the "Barbault" and "Edgeworth" fashion which had previously prevailed, but giving us boys as they are, rather than as we want them to be.

In one of his *Roundabout Papers* he brushes away the fallacious ideal, maintained by some purists, of juvenile integrity. Alluding to a then recent controversy on this subject in one of the London papers, he writes:

The Eton master who was breaking a lance with our *Paterfamilias* of late turned on him, saying: "He knows not the nature and exquisite candor of well-bred boys."

"Exquisite fiddlestick's end, Mr. Master! Do you mean to tell us that the relations between young gentlemen

and their schoolmasters are entirely frank and cordial; that the lad is familiar with the man who can have him flogged; never shirks his exercises; never gets other boys to do his verses; never breaks bounds; never tells fibs—I mean the fibs permitted by scholastic honor? Did I know of a boy who pretended to such a character, I would forbid my scapegraces to keep company with him. Did I know a schoolmaster who pretended to believe in such a character, I would set that man down as a baby in knowledge of the world."

Let no one suppose from these opinions that Thackeray underrated boys. His stories abound with kindly reference to them, to their spirits and pluck, to their tastes and amusements. In private life he enjoyed their society. He delighted to treat the lads to a play, and send them back with a generous tip in their pockets.

He had the same sort of sympathy with young men. Long after he had reached middle age he seemed to share their pleasures, to smile benevolently at their conceit, and to palliate their follies. With the exception perhaps of *Esmond*, he never in his novels set an old head upon young shoulders, and in that case the peculiar circumstances of the boy's early training afford sufficient excuse, while his modesty and unselfishness, his high sense of honor and fidelity invest Harry's whole career, as recounted, with charm and interest.

The famous book which first brought Thackeray into notice—though he had deserved it long before—was entitled by him *A Novel without a Hero*, but it would be difficult to name any work of fiction from his pen which could be otherwise described. In the field of modern romance, at all events, one may reasonably assume that the author did not incline to "heroes." For instance, he seems far more anxious to detail the foibles and failings of Pendennis at school, at college, or in

society than to create a model for the imitation of British youth. Arthur is conceited, supercilious, and at times rather selfish. But he is what the world calls a gentleman. He is thrown fresh from his University on the temptations of London life. To many of them he yields easily enough, but at last there comes one in which his honor may be involved, and he resists it with courage. The moral derived from this episode in the story has twice the force which it would have had if the author had drawn Pendennis as immaculate. It is precisely because he shared many of the faults common to his time of life that we admire the self-restraint which he exercised at a critical moment.

In the character of Clive Newcome, who, notwithstanding the pitfalls of his boyhood, the luxury by which it was surrounded, and the opportunities afforded to him of moving in fashionable life, remained at heart a Bohemian, we find a protest against the snobishness which, half a century ago, tended to exclude artists from what is called "smart society." At the present day, when painters, sculptors, playwrights, and actors are cordially welcomed in every London drawing-room, it is not easy to realize the fact that such a protest was ever necessary. *Tempora mutantur*. But in this and many other respects Thackeray deserves full credit for promoting the reform which has since taken place.

The Adventures of Philip and the eighteenth-century romance of *The Virginians* give us pictures of young manhood drawn and colored on the author's naturalistic plan of representing life as he saw it—perhaps to some extent life which he had once experienced himself. Idleness, love of pleasure, impatience of restraint and conventional proprieties, a plucky bearing towards unfriendly men, a pardonable regard for too friendly women are

among the characteristics of adolescence which he described with an indulgent if not sympathetic pen. Of the two brothers who figure in Sheridan's famous comedy we may be sure that he would have held out a forgiving hand to the frank and generous-hearted spendthrift. But on the Joseph Surfaces of society, as portrayed in his own books, the novelist pours his bitterest scorn.

It is remarkable that a writer who retained to the last so green a memory of youthful pleasures should, even at an early period of his life, have been so successful in describing old men. Among the *dramatis personæ* of his creation Colonel Newcome has long been an universal favorite. Indeed a character combining so much manliness and dignity with tenderness of heart and pathetic resignation to adverse fate could hardly fail to be admired. But the portrait of old "Binnie," with his sound if somewhat cynical philosophy, his rich vein of humor, and practical advice, presents an excellent foil to the Colonel's simplicity, and shows the author at his best.

Major Pendennis is an elderly sage of a different order. The rôle which he plays is all his own, and is the result of real conceptive genius. Here is a confirmed worldling, well stricken in years, almost devoid of sentiment, and, it must be confessed, a bit of a toady, who, notwithstanding these manifold defects, interests and even delights us by the adroitness of his social diplomacy, the affection which he feels for his relations, and the pluck with which he faces all difficulties in coming to their rescue. Whether counselling his nephew, coaxing his sister-in-law, resenting Captain Costigan's impudence, or defying his own rascally valet, the Major is a marvelous creation, playing first part in scenes which fiction has seldom if ever

surpassed for wit, knowledge of human nature, and life-like impersonation.

Thackeray's portraits of old women possess similar individuality. He had evidently studied the *bourgeoise* type as represented by Mrs. O'Dowd, Mrs. Baynes, and Mrs. Mackenzie. But he could also paint a *grande dame* like Madame de Florac or Lady Kew, a kindly creature with a pathetic past like the Little Sister, or a beldame with an ignoble past like the Dowager Lady Castlewood. In the character of Madame de Bernstein these personal experiences may be said to commingle. It is certain that whatever her antecedents were as Beatrix Esmond, the part played by the Baroness towards the close of her career, as described in *The Virginians*, is one of the most interesting in that novel. The fusion of candor and shrewdness, of benevolence and indignation, which distinguishes her complex nature, her sense of pride battling occasionally with a sense of shame, her irony alternating with the utterances of a kindly heart, surprise, amuse, and delight us by turn.

Of thoroughly vicious old age there are not many examples in Thackeray's books, and when occasion required he did not shrink from describing it. Perhaps the most notable specimens are the Earl of Crabs in the story of Mr. Deuceace, and the Marquis of Steyne in *Vanity Fair*. It may be observed that the author does not revile them for their iniquities. He contents himself with describing certain incidents by which they are illustrated, and points his moral with touches of satire equalling Swift and even Juvenal in grim humor and severity. It would be difficult to exceed the irony conveyed in the paragraph announcing, after a court-journal fashion, the news of Lord Steyne's demise.

Everybody knows the melancholy end of that nobleman, which befel at Naples, two months after the French

Revolution of 1830, when the Most Honorable George Gustavus, Marquis of Steyne, Earl of Gaunt, of Gaunt Castle, in the Peerage of Ireland, Viscount Hellborough, Baron Pitchley and Grillsby, a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, of the Golden Fleece of Spain, of the Russian Order of St. Nicholas of the First Class, of the Turkish Order of the Crescent, First Lord of the Powder Closet, and Groom of the Back Stairs, &c., &c., died after a series of fits brought on by the shock occasioned to his lordship's sensibilities by the downfall of the ancient French Monarchy.

It was of the essence of Thackeray's wit to be original. Even in his earliest productions, such as the farcical story entitled *Cox's Diary*, though one can perceive the influence of Dickens in its low-comedy fun, vulgarized by the pencil of Cruikshank, there are passages of exquisite humor which no one but the author could have written. The prospectus drawn up by the Rev. Clement Coddler, M.A., describing his educational establishment, is a delicious model of its kind, while the passage of arms at Tuggeridgeville (evidently a caricature of the Eglinton Tournament) is more amusing than the famous cricket-match in *Pickwick*.

Few writers of fiction have had the courage to invent the autobiography of a rascal. Thackeray did so twice. *Barry Lyndon* is one of the best, though least read, of his principal novels. But long before it was published he had produced a little sketch entitled *The Fatal Boots*. It takes the form of a diary, begun in schooldays, of a contemptible creature who describes his own dishonesty, manners, and cowardice, while posing all the while as an injured innocent. A similar plan was adopted, but with a far more serious purpose, in his later history of the Irish adventurer above mentioned.

In the literary records of Anglo-Indian life sixty years or more ago, the feat of drawing the long bow was

occasionally practised. Thackeray turned this foible to excellent account in his *Adventures of Major Gahagan*, the very title of which is significant. Born at Calcutta, and with a host of friends in the East India Company's service, both civil and military, the author had no difficulty in finding material for a sketch which in its mock-heroic vein, its burlesque of Oriental life, the pseudo-historical interviews with Napoleon and Montholon, not to mention the Münchhausen-like stories of the Major's personal valor, is unique as a specimen of "excellent fooling." Higher flights of wit and shafts of sarcasm, which remind one of Pope in their brilliance, abound in his most popular works, but perhaps few of the novelist's admirers have lighted on the rich store of boyish fun which is to be found in some of his first contributions to light literature.

Out of the wealth of polished humor which flowed from his later pen it would be easy to select examples. Countless readers of *Vanity Fair* have laughed over the description of Miss Pinkerton's school, the scenes in which Jos. Sedley figures at Vauxhall and at Brussels, the queer old Devonshire baronet (a far more amusing personage than Squire Weston), poor Rawdon Crawley's escapades, and the pompous utterances of his priggish brother. The chapter in which Captain Macmurdo and Mr. Wenham meet Rawdon for the purpose of discussing his proposed duel with Lord Steyne is a triumph of literary ingenuity, of dramatic skill, and well-directed satire. The conversation which passes between the two blunt soldiers and the wily man of the world is so naturally phrased that one seems to hear their words spoken. We can imagine the cunning expression on the speaker's face as he concocts the lie which is intended to put matters straight, Rawdon's honest indignation

at being balked of his revenge, and his friend's significant remark when he was left alone with the diplomatist: "You don't stick at a trifle, Mr. Wenhams!" The whole situation is described, Becky's case is summed up, and judgment delivered in that single sentence.

Much of the colloquial humor distinguishing Thackeray's novels results from the skill with which he contrasts characters for whom the dialogue is written. The interviews between that astute old worldling, Major Pendennis, and his sister-in-law, when the simple-hearted lady consults him about her son's scrapes; the deference which Harry Esmond as a youngster pays to Father Holt, and the casuistry with which the kindly-hearted Jesuit replies to the boy; Rachel, Lady Castlewood's protest when the Bishop of Rochester endeavors with unepiscopal levity to excuse the Prince's failings; the discussions which arise between Parson Sampson and young Warrington in *The Virginians*—are all instances of dexterously planned allocution by which the reader's respect is evoked alternately for the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove.

Excellent specimens of repartee, reminding one of Sheridan's stage-talk, occur in the author's stories. When old Osborne is trying to bully his boy out of an engagement with Amella Sedley, he exclaims in his wrath:

"I shall say what I like to my son, sir. I can cut him off with a shilling if I like. I can make a beggar of him if I like. I *will* say what I please."

"I'm a gentleman, *though I am your son, sir*," George answered haughtily.

In the famous scene between Major Pendennis and his valet, who has been trying to blackmail his master, the Major having thoroughly outwitted the scamp, dictates to him a confession of his villany and insists on his subscribing his name to the document:

"I'm d——d if I sign it," said Morgan.

"My good man, it *will* happen to you whether you sign or not," said the old fellow, chuckling at his own wit.

Harry Esmond, with the object of saving his patron's life, tries to pick a quarrel with Lord Mohun over the card-table. Lord Castlewood, seeing the move, exclaims:

"You silly boy, we don't play for groats here, as you do at Cambridge."

"I'll stake the young gentleman a crown!" cries Lord Mohun's captain.

"I thought crowns were rather scarce with gentlemen of the Army," remarks Harry.

"Do they birch at college?" asks the Captain.

"They birch fools," says Harry, "and they cane bullies, and they fling puppies into the water."

"Faith, then *there's* some escapes drowning," replies the Captain, who was an Irishman.

The rest of the scene is marked by a dramatic realism in words and action which is all the more striking from the brief and concise character of the narrative. It is as though we were sitting in a theatre watching the actors across the footlights:

My Lord Mohun presently snuffed a candle. It was when the drawers brought in fresh bottles and glasses and were in the room—on which my Lord Viscount said, "The deuce take you, Mohun, how damned awkward you are. Light the candle, you drawer!"

"*'Damned awkward'* is a damned awkward expression, my lord," says the other. "Town gentlemen don't use such words—or ask pardon if they do."

"I'm a country gentleman," says my Lord Viscount.

"I see it by your manner," says my Lord Mohun. "No man shall say '*damned awkward*' to me."

"I fling the words in your face, my lord," says the other. "Shall I send the cards, too?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! before the servants?" cry out Colonel Westbury

and my Lord Warwick in a breath. The drawers go out of the room hastily. They tell the people below of the quarrel upstairs.

"Enough has been said," observes Colonel Westbury. "Will your Lordships meet to-morrow morning?"

Few novelists have succeeded in describing the circumstances and language of a personal quarrel so well as Thackeray. The row which takes place in a public ball-room at Baden between Victor de Castillonnes and Lord Kew, and which ends in a duel, is a typical instance of that capacity.

When Kew came back (as he was only too sure to do) the little Gaseon rushed forward with a glove in his hand, and having an audience of smokers round about him, made a furious speech about England, leopards, cowardice, insolent islanders, and Napoleon at St. Helena; and demanded reason for Kew's conduct during the night. As he spoke he advanced towards Lord Kew, glove in hand, and lifted it as if he was actually going to strike.

"There is no need of further words," said Lord Kew, taking the cigar out of his mouth. "If you don't drop that glove, upon my word I will pitch you out of the window. Ha! . . . Pick the man up, somebody. You'll bear witness, gentlemen. I couldn't help myself. If he wants me in the morning, he knows where to find me."

Half a century has passed since *The Newcomes* was written. The social world has become more civilized. Duelling, in this country at least, is out of date. But our national spirit is happily not extinct, and the rising generation may read with some advantage how an English gentleman, fifty years ago, could resent an insult and face the consequence of his act with courage.

Not many writers have been inspired by so comprehensive and multifarious an aim as Thackeray in the exercise of their calling. His youthful ambition, as all the world knows, was

to be a painter. He had studied with care the contents of foreign picture-galleries, and some of his earliest literary efforts were devoted to art-criticism. It is impossible to read them without being impressed by the sound judgment and common-sense which characterize his remarks, and it must be generally admitted that although he might never have succeeded in the practice of art, his taste, at least, was in the right direction. If his drawings are "amateurish" and faulty in execution, they are not deficient in spirit, and few admirers of *Vanity Fair* would care to see the original illustrations which he produced for that novel replaced by work from a more skilful hand.

The incidents which lend dramatic interest to his narrative owe much to an observant eye for detail in their material surroundings, and in grouping his characters he did not overlook dress, accessories, or background. *Esmond*, perhaps the most picturesque, as it certainly is the most æsthetic and refined romance that he ever penned, is especially rich in examples of clever word-painting. No one who has read the book can forget a description of Beatrix, in the prime of her youth and beauty, as she comes tripping down the stairs at Walcote, holding up her gown with one fair rounded arm just enough to display her red clocked stockings and white shoes, and raising a lighted taper with the other arm above her head. It would be difficult for any draughtsman or manager of stage effect to improve upon this picture.

Thackeray did not often dilate in his novels on the charms of scenery, though there are some passages in his *Irish Sketches* and the *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo* which indicate his power of seizing with an artist's eye the local character of landscape. But nothing could be more pathetically graphic, more suggestive of pictorial

treatment, than his description of the convent cemetery where Esmond visits his mother's grave.

Esmond came to the spot on one sunny evening of spring, and saw amidst a thousand black crosses, casting their shadows on the grassy mounds, that particular one which marked his mother's resting-place. . . . A thousand such hillocks lay round about; the gentle daisies springing out of the grass over them, and each bearing its cross and Requiescat. A nun veiled in black was kneeling hard by, at a sleeping Sister's bedside (so fresh made that the spring had scarce had time to spin a coverlid for it); beyond the cemetery walls you had glimpses of life and the world, and the spires and gables of the city. A bird came down from the roof opposite and lit first on a cross and then on the grass below it, whence it flew away presently with a leaf in its mouth. Then came a sound as of chanting from the Chapel of the Sisters close by. Others had long since filled the place which poor Mary Magdalene once had there, were kneeling at the same stall, and hearing the same hymns and prayers in which her stricken heart had found consolation.

Among the various charges brought against Thackeray by his detractors is the vulgar and utterly unfounded one that he was merely a cynic, and generally wanting in sentiment. Now sentiment is a complex quality to define, especially when it assumes a literary form. If the gushing rhapsodies in which many novelists of his time indulged are to be regarded as a genuine expression of feeling in matters concerning the heart and human emotions, it must be confessed that our author generally abstained from them. His language, even in relating the most pathetic events of his stories, is solemn and earnest, but always restrained. Few passages are more touching, more full of reverence for a good life and the hope of its recognition hereafter, than his account of Colonel Newcome's end. Yet how few

and how simple are the words in which it is described. There is no prolongation of painful details, no superfluous eulogy of the dying man, no parade of religious convictions. In his last moments the venerable pensioner's thoughts revert to his school days, and he says *Adsum!* while his early love is kneeling in prayer by his bedside.

It is probable that most of those who believe that Thackeray took a warped and ill-natured view of his fellow creatures accept the accusation on hearsay. No intelligent reader who judges for himself could possibly justify such an opinion. If his novels contain denunciations of social shams and insincerity, they also afford ample evidence that he had a kindly heart, admiration of courage, affection for the young, and compassion for the poor. In the pursuit of his art he described many erring mortals, and not a few confirmed reprobates. But he had the highest respect for true integrity, unaffected virtue, and gentle womanhood. In more than one of his books he pauses, after his wont, to comment on the vanity of human aspirations, and even to doubt the value of success in life when it is purchased by the sacrifice of what ought to be prized more highly. On this point he makes the younger Lady Castlewood read us a lesson:

"I am a country-bred woman and cannot say but the ambitions of the town seem mean to me. . . . I hear of Court ladies who pine because Her Majesty looks cold on them; and great noblemen who would give a limb that they might wear a Garter on the other. This worldliness, which I can't comprehend, was born with Beatrix, who, on the first day of her waiting, was a perfect courtier. . . . I cannot reason her out of her ambition. 'Tis natural to her, as to me to love quiet and be indifferent to rank and riches. What are they, Harry? and how long do they last? Our home is not here." (She

smiled as she spoke, and looked like an angel that was only on earth on a visit.) "My father used to rebuke me, and say that I was too hopeful about Heaven. But I cannot help my nature, and as I love my children so, sure Our Father loves us with a thousand times greater love."

It is impossible to read these words without feeling that they express the author's own views. And this is the author who is still described at times as a mere worldling and a cynic!

In these days, when our "lending libraries" overflow with light literature of inferior quality and questionable taste, let us hope that a certain section, at least, of the reading public still recognizes the moral worth as well as the intellectual value of Thackeray's novels.

Lapse of time affords, perhaps, the soundest test which can be applied to the intrinsic value of any work of art, whether literary or pictorial. And even then some allowance must be made for the strange variations to which public taste is prone. Who could have foretold, when *Vanity Fair* first appeared, that Jane Austen's novels would attain at the present day renewed popularity? Compared with

The Nineteenth Century and After.

them, the style of Thackeray's productions seems to be of modern date. That his essays on *The Four Georges* and his criticism on *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century* are still in vogue is not surprising. They are written for all time. It is more remarkable that his comments on social life as he reviewed it in the first half of the nineteenth century are so largely applicable to much that surrounds us now. The *misc-en-scène* is changed, the characters appear in new costume, but the moral inculcated by the play has lost nothing of its force.

A highly cultured writer, endowed with all the requisites of his calling, a wit reminiscent of Horace, a philosophy as practical as that of Montaigne but expressed in language which is as polished and scholarlike in prose as Pope's was in verse, and revealing a knowledge of human nature so wide and comprehensive in its range that it seems unrivalled in the annals of fiction—such was the man who passed away, only too soon, some forty years ago, in the person of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Charles L. Eastlake.

TERNS IN THE NURSERY.

As terns feed one another before the eggs are laid it might be supposed that the prettiness whereof we have spoken would continue between them during incubation; but this is not the case—at least I have watched many sitting birds for many hours without seeing anything of the kind. True there is no necessity for it, since each bird takes its share in the hatching of the eggs so that both have ample time to do their own fishing. But this was still more the case when their time

was unoccupied in any special way so that the cessation of so marked a feature in the nuptial relations, before the young have appeared upon the scene, seems curious. All I can say is—and I have said that before—that I have not myself seen it—which is negative evidence that a moment may overset. Meanwhile one may, perhaps, suppose that the first egg brings with it a new interest of so absorbing a nature as to drive every other one into the background, if not to expel it al-

together. For mere gallantry or coquetry, at any rate, there is now no more inclination. The time of the honeymoon is over, and that of care and responsibility has begun. Sitting on her three eggs the rapt mother can think of nothing else. She has no room for an appetite, and no appetite for a husband. There is a time for everything, she feels. That for the husband, as is right, comes first—before children, housekeeping or other considerations. But when these appear it is the time for them—the husband has had his. He is allowed, however—there being no one else—to help a little with the eggs.

In bird-life the change on the nest may be either very pretty, or very striking, or nothing particular, to see. With terns it is nothing in particular. There is little of poetry about it—at least not in outward manifestation. Inwardly it may be there, as it is with our English hand-shake, which covers under its apparent coldness warmer and more estimable feelings than are in the possession of continental nations, for all their effusiveness—a fact well known to the English people, by whom, indeed, it was discovered. But to all appearance—just as with the hand-shake—it is a very prosaic affair, the one bird alighting a yard or so from the nest, and walking on, to it as the other flies off, without any caress or salutation passing between them. Sometimes a little more of officialism may enter into the port and bearing of the bird that flies up. He comes as on affairs of state—or, again, he may be rather more casual. As for the sitting one "Time's up" seems to be its one idea, and this is more uniformly expressed. It is more interesting to see—as one may from time to time—a visit paid by the bird off duty to the one on the nest, without any change resulting from it. Here, too, there is little or nothing in the way of

amenities—terns are not emotional—but the motive of the coming is unmistakable. It is kindly feeling and solicitude, at the very least, a dropping in just to say a friendly word, and one almost seems to hear the "Well, how goes it?" and the expected comfortable assurance in return. At length, in June, the eggs are hatched, the young appear, and with them a question begins to present itself which has interested me a good deal. It is this: do the parent birds always find and feed their own young ones, or are they liable to err in this respect?—or, again, is there a tendency towards socialism in the matter of the parental duties, so that any young tern may sometimes be fed by any old bird, irrespective of the bond of relationship? What I have seen has led me to suppose that this—as well as the first—may really be the case, that the process is going on though it is as yet only in its beginning. That the old birds should have a difficulty in finding, at least, if not in recognizing, their young is not difficult to understand. Over a certain space of the bank, that must be, I should think, at least a quarter of a mile in length, but possibly a good deal longer, the nests are very thickly strewed, and the whole air, as one walks along, is dense with thousands of birds, wheeling, darting, hovering and clamoring, a picture and a babel of confusion. Still, if the young terns kept on or near the spot where they were born, their parents would, no doubt, find them each time, with absolute precision as we see in other cases, where the difficulties appear as great. Instead of this, however, they wander indefinitely, and as they cannot go many yards without meeting others, the whole breeding-place, one would think, must quickly become a perfect maze or labyrinth of life, wherein innumerable small, fluffy things keep crossing and recrossing one another

like the threads of a stuff, but with no order, and never remaining stationary for any length of time. The young tern, as far as I can see, appears to have no notion of a nest—of a home to stay in or return to. It may wander twenty yards away, and stop, but when it next moves, will go another twenty, forty or fifty yards in any direction, but with no idea of getting back. Wherever it happens to be, in fact, is its home for the time, and there it must be found and fed by its parents, if it is de rigueur that they, and they only, should feed it. How, then, are the parents to find it each time, or, rather, how are they to find any of the three?—for the chicks have no idea of keeping together, which must complicate the problem still further. And if the parents may be supposed to have a difficulty in recognizing their young, how are these to recognize their parents, amidst the never-ceasing whirlwind of wholly similar forms, that, like the flakes of a snow-storm, are continually sweeping over and about them? I believe that they do not recognize them, or, at least, that they make no distinction between them and others, for with absolute impartiality—except where exhaustion obliges them to desist—they will jump up towards any bird carrying a fish in its bill that passes sufficiently close above them to inspire hope, uttering, at the same time, a little plaintive pipe—which sounds, indeed, or one may easily think it does, a good deal like “Feesh! Feesh”! But now, in regard to the parents, they certainly seem to seek for their own chicks, and to recognize them when found, but there are various puzzling circumstances which tend to diminish the strength of this natural conclusion, and to leave one more or less in doubt as to the whole matter. It all seems plain enough—and one is happy in consequence, for one likes things to

be plain—when a bird, after circling about over a considerable space, as though saying all the while to itself, “Where can he be?” at length alights by a young one, and straightway gives it a fish. That is quite satisfactory, and it seems really a pity that there should be anything else to record. But in a still larger number of cases—as it has seemed to me—after settling by the chick, and thus, as it were, deliberately picking it out, the supposed parent refuses the fish, which it has, apparently, brought on purpose for it. This, as I say, is quite a common occurrence, and I distinguish it from another equally common, where the grown bird, having settled with a fish on a bare space of ground, is immediately besieged for it by one or two chicks, but refuses to give it them. In this instance the mistake, if it is one, may only be on the part of the chicks, who care not who feeds them, so long as they are fed. But in the former case the old bird has, itself, picked out the chick. Why, then, should it refuse to feed it, and why, in some cases, having done so, should it return to the said chick, again fly away with the fish, and keep repeating this conduct, at intervals? Does not this indicate an uncertainty in the bird’s mind as to whether the chick is really its own? At times too it seems obvious that a mistake has really been made, for the parent, after having just alighted by the chick, suddenly, and, as it seems, disappointedly, flies off again. When, however, it returns several times, in the way I have described—to constater which one must never move one’s eyes from it whilst it circles amongst the rest—its actions, in refusing the fish, are not such as to suggest that the young bird is really a stranger to it. It will walk a little way, and stop, turn the head aside, seem as though too much importuned and, at last, take flight. Yet why, if

the chick is its own, should it be treated like this? and why, if it is not, is not this, at once, or very shortly, discovered? Two hypotheses appear to me to cover the facts, the first of which is, of course, that the terns, searching about for their chicks, are sometimes at a loss to know whether this or that one is really their own. But may not the question for each doubtful-seeming bird be, not whether the chick is its own, but whether it shall feed it or not—in other words, are a certain number of the terns—let us say—beginning to shirk the worry of having to search for their young, and so to feed the chicks promiscuously, and—perhaps as a corollary to this—capriciously and with a considerable amount of refusing? No harm, that I can see, would result to the community, if the young were fed, in this way, by first one and then another foster-parent. Perhaps some good would, as no time would then be wasted in looking for the young, strayed birds, whilst no young one would have to wait long for its food. On several occasions, in more northern latitudes, I have been struck with the excitement and fury roused in the whole tern community upon my picking up one of the chicks, as also, in a still more interesting manner, by the efforts made by a number of the birds—as it seemed to me—to induce one of a more advanced age to take flight, before I came up. Possibly there was a significance in this widely-extended sympathy, which I did not dream of at the time.

But whatever the young are—children or foster-children—how the parent

terns do feed them, how strong, how swift, how ceaseless are their efforts, how indefatigable their energy, how quenchless their zeal! Come when one may, lift one's eyes when one will, two hurrying streams of restless, winged life are ever meeting and mingling with, and crossing one another—the one flying from bank to sea, the other from sea to bank. Always the work goes on from almost before the morning—from when, at least, her chariot is but harnessed, before she has mounted it and comes “drawn by white horses, most beautiful to behold”—through her first, fresh dew-washed hours, and on through all those golden, glowing ones when the sun beats upon that long, scorched bank almost in waves, like the sea, to the cool, redeeming evening, to the night—and does it even stop then? It is now young July, between nine and ten o'clock, and, returning along the beach, you see the long, low sweeps of the Chesil loom like great mountains in some stony Arabian desert, and, sweeping out from them against the swart, yellow sky, squadrons of birds, crowding blackly and hurryingly together, flicker swiftly to the sea, then crowd and flicker back again—ghostly cohorts, birds, now, of night and gloom. Surely some of these are still fishing. It seems so wonderful that one must doubt it. Yet certainly, against the darkening sky, one gets the various motions, the pauses, checks, arrests, half-stoops, and then what seems—what, surely, must be—the final, arrowy plunge—but half of this is lost in darkness, for the sea is darkness now.

A REVIVED SCANDAL.

There have always been many idle persons who confuse a love of scandal with a love of literature. It pleases them to profess a knowledge of the humanities, without sacrificing their favorite gossip. Some years since, when Shelley was a chosen victim, the papers were full of "chatter about Harriet." The poet's difference with his wife was eagerly discussed in the name of literature, and many who had not read a line of Shelley's poetry took sides in a quarrel which could in no way affect them. For some years the author of "Adonais" has been given a respite from impertinence. But the public taste is not yet glutted, and a fresh victim has recently been found. There is, of course, never a dearth of scandal. Any man, be he writer or politician, who, in the elegant phrase of our hungry ghouls, has "bulked large in the public eye," will efficiently serve the purpose. Some shameful secret may generally be uncovered. Falsehood is always at hand to amplify and embellish truth, and if there be no printed pages, lying gossip is readily accepted as evidence. When the history of these times comes to be written, their most flagrant disgrace will surely be their love of eavesdropping and their outrage upon privacy. It is idle to enumerate the many sins of the people; but we may protest, in all gravity, against the latest sacrifice. In order that foolish busybodies may be satisfied, who desire to display a knowledge of books without reading them, Carlyle and his wife have been offered up upon the altar. The controversy which raged twenty years ago was properly extinguished. A generation had arisen which judged Carlyle, rightly or wrongly, by the books to which he had put his name,

and had forgotten, if it ever knew, the scandal of his life. Obviously here was a chance far too good to lose. Carlyle had written books; he had also quarrelled with his wife. The good that he had done lived after him; the evil was in danger of being interred with his bones. A monstrous waste of good material, indeed! Nor were those wanting who might make the best use of it. The "French Revolution" had won a second popularity. Was there not, then, a fine opportunity to revive a once popular scandal? The man was there, and the hour. Mr. Alexander Carlyle still possessed "new letters and memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and, with Sir James Crichton-Browne to aid him, he has most effectually reopened the discussion. Had the memorials and letters been printed without comment, we could have done no more than deplore an indiscretion. But unhappily Sir James Crichton-Browne has thought fit to contribute an introduction, which not only raises the old forgotten issues, but raises them in terms so violent that some sort of reply from the other side was inevitable. In order to whitewash the memory of Carlyle, which needed no scouring at his hands, he has thought it worth while not only to vilify the methods of Froude, which has long been the favorite pastime of the half-knowing, but to make a pedantical diagnosis of a dead lady. In his best bedside manner he pronounces that she suffered not only from neuralgia, but also from "phrenalgia" or mind pain, which was sometimes "delusional," and sometimes was "connected with her bodily sufferings." He also deplores that, "with all her gushing love for her husband, there were strong suicidal promptings."

Why "gushing," Sir James, why "gushing"? The prejudice is evident in this single word; but it is not the prejudice which most amazes us: it is the ingenuity of a doctor who tells a lady from what she suffers, when she has lain forty years in the grave.

The motive of Sir James Crichton-Browne is not easy to discover, unless, in truth, he possesses the quality which he ascribes to Mr. Birrell—"an alertness to read the signs of the times." In his own pleasant way he tells us that "the slump is over, and a steady appreciation has set in." In other words, "a Carlyle revival is upon us." Truly it is upon us, in more senses than Sir James dreamt when he penned this phrase—

"The sale of his books is greatly and steadily increasing," thus he goes on. "Six copyright editions of the whole of his works have been issued, and the non-copyright volumes have been published by half the publishers in London. . . . The number of pilgrims to his shrine at Ecclefechan, a somewhat inaccessible and otherwise unattractive spot, is growing, and includes travellers from all quarters of the globe, even from China, Brazil, and Argentina."

It is clear that these arduous travellers should be adequately rewarded for their toil. It is no mere love of history or literature which can induce the blue-gowned Celestial to visit the inhospitable North; nor do we believe that the sprightly citizen of Argentina will miss the chance of shooting a president merely because he has broken his teeth upon the craggy prose of Thomas Carlyle. No; it is evident that what in America is called a side-show must be invented, if Ecclefechan is to remain the shrine of pilgrims. This side-show the revived scandal should provide, and it is not the fault of Carlyle's apologists if his birth-place does not become as notorious,

and as grotesque, as Stratford itself. Fortified, then, by Carlyle's growing popularity, Sir James Crichton-Browne has attempted to rehabilitate Carlyle at the expense of his wife. With astounding penetration he has not only diagnosed her disease; he has discovered also the motives of her actions. He is not disturbed by the doubts which might perplex the most of us in judging the conduct of those who are dead and gone. "Mrs. Carlyle's primary grievance against Lady Ashburton," says he, "arose out of chagrin at what she regarded as her superior cleverness." From what hidden sources Sir James derives his information we do not know; but when he defines it as jealousy, "a malignant and metastatic growth," we are sure that it is the doctor who speaks. Now, whether Sir James's argument is sound or not, does not affect the question. What is most deplorable in a deplorable business is the indelicacy which drags the dead from the grave, to enact once more a petty tragedy of misunderstanding and recrimination.

We have already said that one result of Sir James's argument is to discredit Froude. Now Froude's part in the sorry drama might have been discussed without a word of talebearing. That his transcription of Carlyle's papers was inaccurate, no one need deny. We all know that Froude was truthful rather in the spirit than in the letter. He possessed a fatal gift of inaccuracy, which diminished the historical, if not the literary, value of all that he wrote. But the task which Carlyle set him, and which he accepted as what he deemed a sorrowful duty, was weighted with a manifold difficulty. He was asked to tell an unpalatable truth, to be faithful to a disagreeable trust, to break with unwilling hands a worshipped idol; and he attempted to harmonize all these difficult tasks with the dramatic discretion of a gentle-

man. How far he succeeded the world judged long ago. In his own lifetime he was only once stung to a reply; and the hasty letter which he wrote to the "Times" imposed, in Sir James Stephen's words, "no legal obligation, and, as I think, no moral obligation." The obloquy which he encountered from those who knew but half the truth, he bore in dignified silence; and the controversy might have been forgotten, had it not been for the recent indiscreet publications.

But no sooner had Sir James Crichton-Browne thrown down his superfluous challenge, than the son and daughter of James Anthony Froude picked it up, and, we regret to say, displayed no better judgment in the conduct of the fray than their antagonist. With a recklessness bred of a very natural anger, they have printed Froude's unpublished defence of his own conduct—a document which, while it vindicates its author, casts another aspersion upon poor Carlyle. The fresh charge, which is now brought publicly against the philosopher for the first time, should never have been brought. It concerns him and him alone; it has no bearing whatever upon his public work; and no one can read it without something of the shame which attaches to the eavesdropper. We are glad to remember, for Froude's reputation, that he never published this sad apology himself; and highly as we may respect the filial piety which induced its publication, Mr. and Miss Froude must share the disgrace incurred by Sir James Crichton-Browne. The indiscretion is the less easily pardoned because the vindication of Froude's honor might have been complete without turning over the ashes of the dead. Nothing was necessary for the entire justification of J. A. Froude save Carlyle's own will and the magnificently just and temperate letter of Sir James Stephen.

No man of his generation had a clearer sense of justice, a more lucid method of exposition, than this eminent lawyer. He was the friend for many years of both Froude and Carlyle; he was by nature incapable of taking small views or of being led away by malicious gossip. He knew all the facts, and he summed the case up, in the weighty accent of a judge, upon the bench, completely in Froude's favor. He found it impossible to believe that Froude's conduct had fallen short of the highest standard of truth and honor, and there is one single passage in his judgment which would have been sufficient vindication of Carlyle's biographer.

"For about fifteen years," says Sir James Stephen, "I was the intimate friend and constant companion of both of you, and never in my life did I see any one man so much devoted to any other as you were to him during the whole of that period of time. The most affectionate son could not have acted better to the most venerated father. You cared for him, soothed him, protected him, as a guide might protect a weak old man down a steep and painful path. The admiration which you habitually expressed for him, both morally and intellectually, was unqualified. You never said to me one ill-natured word about him down to this day. It is to me wholly incredible that anything but a severe regard for truth, learnt to a great extent from his teaching, could ever have led you to embody in your portrait of him a delineation of the faults and weaknesses which mixed with his great qualities."

We do not know how many years (if any) Sir James Crichton-Browne enjoyed the friendship of Froude and Carlyle. But it is pleasant to contrast the high opinion expressed of Froude, by a distinguished man who knew them both, with the petulant detraction of Sir James Crichton-Browne. "Froude had had two wives himself," says he; "he grudged his friend one."

Such a monstrous assertion can only be made to create prejudice, but it should completely invalidate the Doctor's argument, if argument it may be termed. And thus Sir James Stephen, having given the verdict in Froude's favor, explains with impartial justice the conduct of Carlyle.

"He did not use you well," he says in his letter to Froude. "He threw upon you the responsibility of a decision which he ought to have taken himself in a plain unmistakable way. He considered himself bound to expiate the wrongs which he had done to his wife. If he had done this himself it would have been a courageous thing; but he did not do it himself. He did not even decide for himself that it should be done after his death. If any courage was shown in the matter, it was shown by you and not by him."

This pronouncement, the fruit of knowledge, should carry far more weight than the innuendo of one who has diagnosed the disease of a dead woman, and divined the reasons of her love and hate. It would, indeed, have been enough of itself to have cleared Froude's reputation, and we cannot absolve the biographer's representatives of all blame. They are only better than Sir James Crichton-Browne in that they received, and did not give, the provocation.

Of course the quarrel will not stop here. Too many vanities are engaged for silence. There will be replies and counter-replies exchanged between those who never saw the Carlyles in the flesh. We are even promised the

decision of "a competent medical tribunal," and we wonder whether two poor dead bodies are to be dragged from the grave, and submitted to the indignity of a post-mortem, that this man or that may prove his irrelevant opinion correct. For ourselves, we decline to take sides in a quarrel which does not concern us. We decline even to mention the ground of dispute; but we have a right to protest in the cause of decency against the wanton intrusion of strangers into a personal quarrel. These gentry take no account of their unhappy victims. Carlyle and his wife are but the wretched puppets of superfluous antagonists. They were both born more than a century ago; and surely for them the hour of rest had come. Froude wrote his friend's biography in response to a definite request, and no other has the right to pry into the past. But the chatter about Jane will presently surpass in volume and rancor the chatter about Harriet, until the world, tired of its newest victim, casts about for some other reputation to mangle. To the amateurs of literature we would say: Forget that Carlyle was ever married to Jane Welsh; for you it is enough to remember that he was the author of many books; acquit or condemn him on those. To the meddlers, who believe that the private life of a public man should be uncovered, we would say: For shame, sirs, to dig in graveyards! Put up your spades; go home; and attend to your own affairs like gentlemen.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Of the late W. E. Henley as an editor, a writer in *The Academy* says:

He remained the Chief. He was a splendid taskmaster, and if he did not spare his contributors, he spared himself less. The passion of perfection was his, and very sure he was of the way of perfection in writing. Having made up his mind to reject an article by some young man he was shaping, he would yet work upon it in that minute handwriting till every line of the original manuscript was changed. The emendations were magnificent, but—the thing was changed, the runnel of individuality of the aspiring writer had been swamped in the Henley sea. And what a sea it was. The words capered, the paragraphs leaped, allusions frisked like lambs: you read breathlessly, and you left off breathless. A brilliant Editor he was, but hardly the Editor the public wants, for the public likes variety. Henley gave them himself, his best self, but always his own robustious himself. To his staff, particularly to those who were learning their business, he was Jove and the patient father in one. He told them to do their best, he got the best, and his commendation was unconventional, but very satisfying.

The *Academy* deprecates the multiplication of superfluous biographies of living people; but it confesses to having derived not a little amusement from the volume called: "*Marie Corelli: the Writer and the Woman*," concerning which it says:

What we like are the illustrations; some of them are joyful. There is a picture of Miss Corelli's pet Yorkshire terrier tearing up press cuttings, in which we suspect a kind of symbolism. Some of the other illustrations are labelled as follows: "Killicrankle

Cottage, where 'Ziska' was finished"; "Avon Croft, where 'The Master Christian' was finished, 1900"; "Miss Corelli's Boatman and Punt." There are also illustrations of other houses and of scraps of scenery on the Avon. The volume concludes with these words, which, we are told, fell from the lips of Mr. Gladstone; "It is a wonderful gift you have, and I do not think you will abuse it. There is a magnetism in your pen which will influence many. Take care always to do your best. As a woman, you are pretty and good; as a writer, be brave and true. God bless you, my dear child! Be brave! You've got a great future before you. Don't lose heart on the way!"

Mr. Andrew Lang has discovered that the rising generation does not read poetry as its fathers and grandfathers did. Writing in the *London Morning Post*, he says:

Children used to like poetry long ago, not only Aytoun, and ballads, and Macaulay, but Shakespeare. Now they shy away from a gift of a poetry book, and think (if they do not say, like an outspoken boy of my acquaintance) "I suppose somebody will give me a Prayer Book next." I attribute this unnatural behavior to education. The modern child lives in constant fear of being pounced on and asked questions, and made to get poetry off by heart, which children used to do for their own delight. Perhaps they were always the exceptions; we do not hear that Scott's many brothers and sisters went about shouting "Hardyknote."

One reason for the decadence of the taste for poetry, Mr. Lang finds in the use which is made of poetry for moral and educational purposes. He concludes:

Then we have all the lectures and

books on the sources of poets, and what they cribbed from each other, and about foreign influences, and philology, and whatever else delights the soul of Professor Skeat and other professors. So poetry becomes a branch of science and contributes to the vast dreariness of ineffectual things.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press propose to supplement their facsimile of the Shakespeare First Folio by publishing facsimile reproductions of the earliest accessible editions of that portion of Shakespeare's work which found no place in the First Folio. The excluded portion consists of the four poetical quarto volumes: "Venus and Adonis" (1593), "Lucrece" (1594), "The Passionate Pilgrim" (1599), and the Sonnets (1609), as well as the play of "Pericles," which was first published in quarto in 1609, but was not included in a collected edition of Shakespeare's plays before the third folio edition of 1664. The four volumes of the poems and the volume of "Pericles" will be reproduced by the colotype process, and will be similar in all respects—size only excepted—to the colotype reproduction of the First Folio edition of the plays, published by the Delegates in December 1902. This reprint will be executed under the direction of Mr. Sydney Lee, who will contribute full introductions containing the latest results of his researches with regard to the bibliography of Shakespeare's "Poems," and of the play of "Pericles." The Dele-

gates hope that these reproductions will be ready for publication in the autumn of 1904.

Professor Phelps of Yale called attention some months ago to an extraordinary similarity between some scenes in Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and the poetic drama "Luria" written by Robert Browning. Enthusiastic admirers of Maeterlinck were disposed to resent the comparison and to insist that there was nothing in it; but, in reply to a letter from Professor Phelps on the subject, Maeterlinck wrote thus with perfect candor:

You are entirely right: between an episodic scene of my Second Act (that in which Prinzivalle unmasks Trivulzio) and one of the great scenes of "Luria" there exists a similarity which I am astonished was not pointed out earlier. I am the more astonished because, far from concealing this similarity, I took pains myself to indicate it by using exactly the same hostile towns, the same epoch, and almost the same persons—although it would have been quite easy to transpose the whole and render the borrowing unrecognizable if my intention had been to dissimulate.

Maeterlinck went on to say that he looked upon Browning as belonging to that classic and universal literature which all the world is supposed to know; and that it seemed as natural and legitimate to borrow a situation, or a fragment of a situation, from him as from Sophocles or Shakespeare.

A SUBURBAN ALMOND-TREE.

A little street, prim with its red-bricked houses,
Paved footway, palings trim—
Life presses on us here, the spirit drowns,
The self-contented body stifling him.

The muslin-blinded windows show no faces
That gleam across our mood,
With childish laughter or with girlish graces
Saying "The world is good."

But suddenly athwart all these pretences,
Arches that nowhere lead,
With glimmering of pink flowers above the fences
The street is changed indeed.

On naked boughs the almond-blossoms tremble,
A pink foam overhead.
We see the legions of the Spring assemble,
We who believed our weariness that said
Spring would not come again till we were dead.

Nora Chesson.

The Leisure Hour.

PETRARCH.

(As Described in his Own Words—
Epist. de Rebus Familiaribus, VI 3).

You shall behold a man from morn till eve
Roaming alone, turf, hill, and fountain haunting,
Shy of man's foot, the pathless turns pursuing
And shadows wooing;
In dewy cave or greener meadow flaunting;
Cursing the cares of Court, aloof from loud
Business of cities, and eschewing
The doorsteps of the proud:
Mocking the eager factions of the crowd:

Midway remote from such as joy or grieve;

Daylong and nightlong indolent:
most vaunting
Communion with his Muses held alone,
With song of birds and the brook's undertone.

His servants few, his books an ample train,
To-day at home, to-morrow forth again;
Now halting; now on some repining marge
Or dainty lawn, his weary limbs at large

He flings, and droops his overburdened brain.
Not least of all his comfort—none comes here

That ever yet divined
A thousandth morsel of what's in his mind,

Be't hope or fear.
Therewith, anon, in solitary walks,
Braced forward, eyes on gaze,
He holds his peace; anon to himself he talks:

And, chiefly, scorns himself, the world, and all its ways.

John Swinnerton Phillimore.

The Spectator.

CONVALESCENT.

Once more the rapture of the wind and rain,

And rich scent of the warm, damp, broken mould;

And I, who never thought to see again
The white snow leave the fallow and the fold,

Or the dark rook wheel elm-ward to her bower,

Am out before the first white lily flower,

And long before the summer and the bee;

While, like a dim far-distant dream to me,

Behind the curtain-shadow of my bed,
Death calls his hounds to leash, discomfited.

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Speaker.